JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXX 1838

CALLING UNCLE SAM! By The Editor

OPEN LETTER TO GENERAL WAVELL

HITLER'S DREAM BECOMES A NIGHTMARE By A.G.G.

NEW LIVES NEW NEEDS

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER is Copper now

'Well, blow me down! There's a chap in that car I used to know "on the road". Bet he's mad at being held up. Well, I wouldn't mind being back in HIS seat.' So soliloquizes a W.R. policeman, one of the many new arms in the law to-day—doing harder work than many people know. Carry on, Coppers!

ON the Home Front, battles are being won every day—big little victories over tiredness, irritability, nervous strain. Nature's own tonic, sound *natural* sleep (whenever you can get it) is the best thing ever for your new wartime lives. A warming cup of Bourn-vita, *still at the old peacetime price*, will help you to get your essential ration of body-and-mind-restoring SLEEP. Bourn-vita is a night food-drink with special nerve-soothing properties that bring sleep very quickly.

See panel for analysis of Bourn-vita

GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR SLEEP WITH—

CADBURY'S

1/5 PER ½ LB

BOURN-VITA

STILL AT PRE-WAR PRICE

WHY BOURN-VITA SLEEP IS RESTORING SLEEP

Phosphorus, Calcium, Iron } Mineral and nerve foods

Malt Extract—Tonic and digestive properties

Calcium, Vitamins A, B & D } Essential to the body's health

NO SUGAR NEEDED

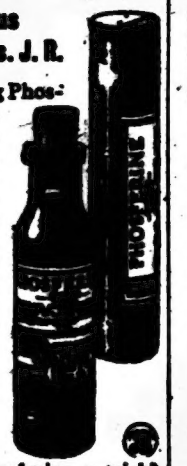
Make up what they're missing with Mars!

These days, especially, children need lots of calories—the fuel element of food which must constantly be replaced. So thank goodness for Mars! There are 270 calories in every Mars Bar, that chunky chocolate-coated bar with its toothsome caramel layer and delicious malted centre. But supplies are limited. So be unselfish. Leave Mars for the youngsters.

Mars for Energy! 2½d

I find PHOSFERINE a great stand-by

in my very numerous duties—says Mrs. J. R.



"I have been taking Phosferine, and everyone remarks on the change in me. I had a severe breakdown, turning into neurasthenia. Since then I have taken one tonic after another, but I can honestly say that none did me the good Phosferine has done. I find it a great stand-by in my numerous duties."

Why not give Phosferine a trial? Your chemist stocks it.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Rheumatism	Sciatica
Headache	Influenza	Anæmia
Indigestion	Sleeplessness	Debility
Brain Fog	Neuralgia	Neurasthenia

"Where's my Weetabix?"

Weetabix makes the most of wheat. You make the most of Weetabix. Here is a delightful change from the ordinary:—

Sorry dickybird, but nowadays we can't afford to throw away a single crumb of Weetabix. You see, the nourishment in Weetabix means so much more to us than to you. It means health and it means energy. And as we've been told to use it—as many other foods—sparingly, well, we've just got to make the most of every crumb.

WEETABIX AND BEAN SALAD (To serve 4 people)

2 Weetabix. 2 oz. grated cheese.
½ lb. cooked haricot beans. Cream salad dressing.
A few pickled onions or shallots. Lettuce or watercress.

Break Weetabix into small pieces, mix with cooked haricot beans and chopped onions. Line dish with lettuce leaves or watercress, pile vegetables in centre. Top with several spoonfuls thick salad dressing, sprinkle with cheese (finely grated). Not only a most delicious savoury, but really a meal in itself.

Weetabix

Standard Size 7½d. Double Size 1/1d.

More Weetabix is being made. If at times it is difficult to obtain this is because more people are buying it.

WEETABIX LTD., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants.

No matter how sadly you despair of the dullness of your teeth, you will soon be proud of their gleam and sparkle—if you use Irium. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser—and it *is* a cleanser! That's why Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

PEPSODENT
THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

Leave lavatory-cleaning to HARPIC

1 JUST SPRINKLE IN AND LEAVE

Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic in the lavatory. Sprinkle in and leave it till morning.

2 WHOLE BOWL CLEANS WHITE

In the morning, flush and you will find the lavatory pan is white and clean; all discoloration has vanished.

3 CLEANS S-BEND TOO

The part you *see* is clean, and so is the important part you can't see—the S-bend in the pipe at the back. Everything is sanitary and safe. And so easily, so *cleanly!*

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF HARPIC

Harpic is specially made for cleaning the lavatory. That's why it works so thoroughly and surely. From now on, *leave it to Harpic.* Get some to-day!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

HOLLYWOOD STARS ARE

"Soap and Water" Girls

DEANNA DURBIN (*Universal*), *every man's ideal niece*

Don't be downhearted about your complexion. For, though face creams are hard to come by, you can still have the famous beauty care that is used by 9 out of 10 Hollywood film stars.

This beauty care is, as you know, Lux Toilet Soap. Film stars rely on this famous soap because it has a lather that is *active*. This active lather penetrates gently into the pores—cleanses them thoroughly of dust and dirt and stale make-up. That's why film star complexions are always so smooth, clear and lovely.

Let Hollywood's beauty care keep *your* complexion lovely, too!

TL 2256-9-33 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

JOHN

Thursday, for week ending Satur
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Teleph

"Come the three corners of
And we shall shock them;
If England to itself do rest

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW G

FAVOURITE Nazi trick is to "soften up" the victim about to be attacked. We in Britain seem to be using it against ourselves.

We are too soft with the bungling fools who slow down our arms production and thereby lengthen the war.

We are too soft with the public enemies who batten on the housewife and swindle the taxpayer.

And a great many of us are getting dangerously careless and complacent.

Hard Facts

Mentally, we have taken it easy since Russia was invaded. The lull in air raids helped to foster a sense of false security.

If it continues, we shall qualify for the lunatic asylum. And we shall condemn a lot of children to needless death.

Let us mince no words about that. Brutal folly calls for brutal criticism.

Back to Danger

Legions of youngsters are playing in the congested towns that will be Nazi targets this autumn and winter.

Others who were sent to the safety of the countryside are now being brought back.

In a single recent week, 500 children were evacuated from London but 2,500 others came back.

Sentence of Death

Of Manchester's 100,000 elementary schoolchildren, only 11,000 are in safety areas.

Salford evacuated 20,000 children; 14,000 have returned home. Only 8,000 of the 36,000 that Newcastle sent away have stayed in safety.

JOHN BULL declares that this is a callous crime against the young.

We remember that even in April more than 600 children were slain by bombs and 500 seriously wounded.

Getting Careless

Unfortunately, we must expect heavy raids to be resumed.

Unfortunately, in the quiet summer months we have been causing heavy casualties by our own culpable carelessness.

Worse than Bombs

Road accidents are still mounting. Already they have reached an appalling total.

They have killed more people in recent months than the Nazi bombs!

But no one pays much attention—except the bereaved.

No Scapegoat

The black-out cannot be blamed. Only a tiny proportion of the victims were killed or maimed after dark.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 6, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

NOW GET TOUGH!

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But safety measures have been relaxed. Carelessness has increased *pro rata* with the decrease in our vigilance towards the perils of war.

Help Russia

There is too much talk about the Russians' chances of "holding" the German thrusts.

No doubt our allies will succeed in doing so.

We must make that a certainty by giving them the greatest possible assistance.

And even that won't win the war for us.

Showing Fight

We've got to take the offensive, not remain on the defensive year in and year out.

For this, we need more arms of every description.

Arms production is good. It could be vastly better if we weren't so soft with muddlers and slackers.

Sack for Them

A parliamentary committee confirms the statements of JOHN BULL and Labour spokesmen that production is impeded by inefficient managements.

Such bungling managements are in a minority, of course. But their harm to our war effort is great.

If they fail to respond to appeals, clear them out!

Whitehall Muddlers

Sometimes the trouble is due to the authorities—to high-collared ditherers in Whitehall.

A great Spitfire factory needs more women workers. Most local women are already employed. The Ministry of Labour could bring thousands of women from other parts of the country.

But there are no billets for them.

Bleak House

So the Ministry of Labour has to ask the Ministry of Health to provide lodgings.

The Ministry of Health—that Bleak House of Whitehall—does nothing, slowly. Eventually it passes the job to the local authorities.

And they are fast asleep.

Yet a factory official estimates that 500,000 beds could be found in the district if proper organisation were set up.

Hours Wasted

As for the women already in billets some miles from the factory, they cannot get to their job in time.

Even so, they have to get up at five in the morning to start work at eight. They return at seven in the evening.

Why? Because the Ministry of Transport is muddling its job.

Too Long

JOHN BULL declares that Ministers are too soft with the officials responsible. They should be removed to minor jobs where they can do no harm.

And the capable officials should become tougher towards private individuals who slow down the factory wheels.

One war factory makes its women work a twelve-hour shift night or day. Result: the factory cannot get all the labour it needs.

Blacklist

A shipyard worker complains: "Some of the men tell me that anyone making a fuss about shortage of work is blacklisted. Yet I have done nothing for four weeks."

Well, we all know how those blacklist blackguards should be treated.

No Medals

Similarly, a Select Committee wants to de-reserve workers who deliberately slack.

Why not? Their fellow-employees would not protest.

But let us have none of this soft-headed nonsense about giving medals to diligent workers.

Brighten the Job!

Let us see, instead, that production is kept up by giving the men an interest in their job—and sufficient food to do the job.

Send more pilots and fighting soldiers round the factories! Let the people at the bench be told just how their dull and monotonous work helps to win battles!

Short Commons

Raise an outcry against the lack of canteen facilities!

Many employers still ignore Mr. Bevin's urgent advice.

In one industrial establishment, employing more than a thousand workers, less than a hundred can obtain a hot meal. And that is a typical example.

Miners Want

To produce more, miners need more food.

The Ministry of Mines agrees. So does the Ministry of Labour.

But the Ministry of Food has yet to learn that in some pits a man loses ten pounds in weight every shift.

How can he make that up if his "tuck" consists of "bread and scrape"?

WHERE'S DAD?

Britain has more bad boys than ever before.

Country mansions are being taken over as approved schools, but there are still 1,300 *convicted* naughty boys for whom accommodation cannot be found.

Why this epidemic of juvenile crime? Police court workers know the answer. Because "dad's away."

"Dad"—whom you see moving about in the streets in khaki or blue, is the most important of all factors in the bringing up of his own sons.

"Dad" is the Figure of Justice to almost any boy. Advice comes better from him than from any approved school governor.

But "dad's away."

May we suggest to the authorities, however, that he is perhaps a little too far away?

We know how the authorities love to send the newly-enlisted Londoner to the north of Scotland—the young Durhamite to Surrey.

It is supposed to be good for discipline—and truly neither colonels nor the men themselves want to see families hanging round barrack gates.

But what about a few score miles instead of a few hundred—Service exigencies always permitting?

He will be able to afford all four long leaves a year—instead of the two for which he gets free travel warrants. His short leaves will be at home, and not cluttering the streets.

Service needs should not be hampered. But Britain will be a better place for the next generation.

Kid-Gloves Methods

We are either too gentle with food offenders or the food regulations are in need of revision.

In one month, 2,679 have been convicted. Every month a new "record" is announced.

Would there be one-tenth so many if we devised a more sensible and stronger organisation of the nation's food?

Encouraging Others

That is true of all kinds of offences against the war effort.

A City of London alderman found in one case that excess sales had resulted in a profit of £12,300.

All he could do was to fine each defendant the maximum penalty of £100!

Steel Shortage

In future, we shall not be able to import all the raw material we need. We shall have to rely much more on our own steel supplies.

The big reserve dumps of scrap will have to be used. Householders will be asked for every scrap of metal they can find.

But in this matter, too, we have grown careless.

Some local authorities no longer bother to collect the scrap. Others are reluctant to part with park railings.

Unready

So, in big things and in small, a hardening-up process is necessary.

Physically, we are not contributing to the cause of Victory as much as we might.

Mentally, we are less prepared to be attacked than we were a year ago.

We are even less prepared to attack.

We Can Give It!

JOHN BULL says there is nothing wrong with most of the people in these islands.

There is a lot wrong with the way we are organised.

We want to help Russia. We want to smash the enemy as quick as we can. We shall do so if we cease to be easy-going with all who endanger us at home.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WE'RE watching that attempt to muzzle Parliament's watchdog.

A daily newspaper is now supporting those Ministers who, touchy of criticism, say the Select Committee on National Expenditure is going beyond its terms of reference.

Of course it is. But by exposing weaknesses in our war effort the Committee is doing valuable public work. And the public won't allow it to be suppressed.

Misfits

The Committee has just advised that misfits should be weeded out of the Army. As you can imagine, that pleases JOHN BULL.

Civil doctors are too keen on putting imbeciles, the blind and diseased into khaki.

Men with a mental age of four, who cried when spoken to, have been passed. Of 2,768 recruits referred to the Welsh tuberculosis centres, one in four were found to have the disease.

Action, Please

The Committee also recommend selection tests for soldiers to enable them to get the jobs for which they are most suited.

War Office says that such tests have been made as an experiment in some training centres and have been successful.

So why not make them general? Why continue to waste talent?

Thrown Away

Here's an example: A crack motorist, record-breaker, was enlisted—but not as a driver. He was put on fatigues and route-marching.

Excessive marching caused foot trouble, and now he's had to be discharged as unfit for further service.

Cheaper and Better

Elaborate machinery is being set up to provide officers with weekly bulletins so that they can give "news talks" to their men.

Cheaper, simpler and perhaps less prejudiced way would be to provide units with a few daily newspapers.

Barrack Blues

Barrack damages are still causing barrack dismay. Soldiers do not understand why their pay should be docked because some drunken comrade has run amok but managed to remain unidentified.

And decent men resent having to pay for hooligans' offences.

If commanding officers exercised more supervision, much of the trouble wouldn't arise.

Church Parade

Innovation that seems to have escaped notice means the virtual end of the church parade

Recent Army Order states that opportunities must be given to all ranks to attend public services or to carry out their devotions privately in churches or quiet rooms in camp.

So what's to prevent Tommy from insisting on "carrying out his devotions privately"?

A.T.S. Shake-Up

Expect many resignations from the A.T.S.

There will be no reflection on the women concerned, but they do not fit in with the reorganisation on which the new general, Mrs. Knox, has set her mind.

"County" ladies will be replaced by technical experts.

Equal Pay

Mr. Herbert Morrison will soon be asked to grant men's pay to A.F.S. and A.R.P. women.

As they risk the same bombs as men, we hope he will agree. But some Home Office reactionaries will, no doubt, urge him to resist.

Whitehall Waste

Who worries about squandermania? Not the mandarins of Whitehall, evidently.

Civil Service deputation recently went to Sir Arnold Wilson, head of the Civil Service, and gave him examples of waste, extravagance and performance of unnecessary duties.

They said that if he appointed someone to eliminate this evil, they would co-operate.

Nothing Doing

Sir Horace has not done so.

Maybe that is why JOHN BULL was told by a Civil Servant recently that he had half an hour's work a day.

It's Odd

Girls just leaving the university are being given L.C.C. jobs at higher salaries than the people under whom they work.

They have never worked before, they have to be taught their job, but—they have a degree.

Daren't Be Human

A married couple, in the workhouse because they couldn't get jobs, found harvest work.

They were asked to prove that they could buy a week's necessities should they be released. Not being conjurers, they would have had to miss the job if the county agricultural committee hadn't kindly come to their aid.

Despite history's greatest war, officialdom daren't display sympathy or common-sense; it fears the shock would be fatal to most of us.

Food Madness

Tricks of the weather have caused a great deal of corn to "sprout from the ears." Of course, overripe corn is no use for flour. But if used fairly quickly it can be made into other kinds of foodstuffs.

There is enough of it to keep the breakfast food factories busy all through the autumn.

Is it being sent to those factories? All over the country it is being carted away for manure.

Blame Them

So, if your children still have to go short of wheaten breakfast foods in future, don't blame Hitler, the farmers or the weather.

Blame the dimwits who ignore the lessons of experience and the dictates of intelligence.

No Windfall

Important nurseryman near London has for years sold cheaply any fruit and vegetables not quite up to market standard — windfalls, slightly split tomatoes and similar produce.

It provided good, fresh food for many customers.

This year, in order to sell it, he had to apply to Twickenham Food Control Committee for a trading licence. He was refused.

So the food is rotting on his land.

Time Spinning!

That doesn't worry officialdom; no does waste of time.

Man living and working in South London was ordered to North London for an interview with the National Service officer.

He pointed out that it would take him 1½ hours to get there, and anyway there were two employment exchanges within his easy reach.

Officialdom answered that the call was only a matter of form,—and that's the last he has heard of the matter.

Paying for Patriotism

Take another look at official win-the-war methods.

A Leeds man is being penalised for *not* endangering the lives of his fellow-citizens.

He has opened the door of his attic, which had been screwed up for years, in order to reduce the fire-bomb risk. And the rating authorities have added another £5 to his assessment.

The American Manner

By way of contrast to official British meanness, read this note from one of the R.A.F. men training in the U.S.A.:

"We have been fêted and welcomed in a most extraordinary manner. People have bestowed upon us an overwhelming importance and exceeded it only with their generosity towards us.

"They have showered invitations on us and set no limit on the amount they will spend to please us."

They Want News

What can we do in return? See that Americans get news, says an Oxford professor who has just returned from a visit to the U.S.A.

His report to the American Outpost in London should be rammed down the throats of our Foreign Office obstructionists.

He emphasises, as every other visitor to the U.S.A. has done, that the Americans want news from Britain.

Invested Interest

And they have a right to it. They say, "Now we have invested ten billion dollars in this war, we'd like to get some reports about how our money is going to be used."

In short, straight news would be the best form of propaganda.

As for propaganda as such, the professor suggests sending some of the Italians we captured in Africa to tell the Italians in the U.S.A. what Mussolini did for them.

Enterprise

JOHN BULL adds what it has said before: We must show more imagination in our attitude to the U.S.A. That is the least return we can make for the aid we solicit.

Send a few overalled British workers to talk to American workers! Remembering that the most popular mission was composed of London firemen, let us send ordinary people rather than musical comedy writers and stiff-necked clubmen.

Above all, let us send news when we receive it, instead of two months later!

Behind the News

● **Owing to R.A.F. pounding of industrial Germany, express trains between Channel ports and Berlin take nine to eleven days against normal 21 hours.**

● *Causing greater anxiety to Nazi High Command than the "Mystery Voice" is secret broadcasting station (30 metre band, 10 p.m.). Its announcer, "Storm-troop leader Weber," puts over personality news which is dynamite in Nazi Party circles.*

● Two proved statements have hit German masses between the eyes. First: details of how Hitler's personal fortune was passed through faked entries in Krupps' accounts and carried by ex-cinema queen Leni Riefenstal to Zurich, Lisbon and Buenos Aires. Total, 56,000,000 gold marks, about £6,000,000.

● **Second: Details of Goering's eclipse. He is now in the Dalldors Private Asylum, just outside Berlin, under treatment for a near-insane addiction to dangerous drugs.**

● *Nazi staff officers who protested against the Russian campaign have been arrested for treason.*

● Hitler's fury at Russian resistance increases. Looking for scapegoats, he has executed General Kossgring, Nazi military attaché in Moscow till June.

● **This wisecrack now carries death penalty in Nazi-controlled countries: "Providence has specially opened three German roads to heaven—freezing to death on Russian plains, dying of thirst in Libya, and drowning in the English Channel."**

● *R.A.F. losses in new offensive on Germany have been less than 4 per cent.; results have proved more than nine times as effective as most concentrated Luftwaffe attacks here.*

● Frenzied efforts have been made to transfer the main Messerschmitt factory to Vienna, the Dornier to Graz, and the Heinkel to Linz. Output has been slowed down by half as a result.

● **In their efforts to save bombing of Rumanian oil wells, Nazis designed £2,000,000 camouflage scheme. Russian 'planes were not deceived. Oil production is badly down.**

● *Nazi losses in Black and Baltic Seas have been disastrous. Doubtful if a single convoy carrying troops has got through unscathed.*

● Anglo-Russian clean-up of Iran wiped out the "hinge" plan on which the whole Axis Middle East scheme was balanced, and has inflicted one of the biggest diplomatic blows in Hitler's career. Nazi prestige in Islam is now at its lowest level.

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

CALLING UNCLE SAM!

SOME "military authorities" in America, who may be as well informed as our own "official spokesman" and still know next to nothing, think that Britain *should* be in a position to invade Germany before the end of 1943.

Two years may seem a short time to them, but it seems a darned long time to us.

We share the American people's resolve to smash the Nazis. We talk the same language, hold the same principles and hate the same tyranny.

The chief difference between us is that we are fighting and they are not. We don't pretend we went to war for the sake of the United States, but we know it is going to be "just too bad" for America if we don't win it.

Most Americans understand this. What's more, they are backing us; they have put their national shirt on us. And they can see that it isn't "a private fight" any longer.

This is a psychological war, Uncle Sam—a huge war of nerves quite as much as a war of guns and planes and tanks.

Nazi Germany began it before a gun was fired. French nerves were "shot to pieces" before it started. The Germans played upon the fears of one country after another.

One by one they fell. Churchill had warned them and they paid no heed. You Americans looked on and your writers and diplomatists diagnosed the malady of European democracy as sleeping sickness.

When France fell, many Americans gave the British Commonwealth up for lost because they thought we were stricken with the same disease.

They were not entirely wrong. The contagion *had* spread to us.

BUT, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, IT WAS NOT TOO LATE. WE WOKE UP. WE THREW OFF OUR TORPOR. WE PROVED THAT WE MEAN TO SEE THIS WAR THROUGH TO VICTORY.

How about you, Uncle Sam?

You are sending us the tools of victory without counting the cost. You are using your warships and your aeroplanes to make sure these weapons reach our hands. You have sent troops to Iceland and technicians to Ulster.

IN FACT, YOU ARE AT WAR, BUT YOU WON'T ADMIT IT. WHY DON'T YOU?

LORD BEAVERBROOK, back in this country from vital business talks with your supply chiefs, says: "I should like to see the United States come into the war, but I recognise that it is no one's business other than that of American citizens."

We all recognise that, from Mr. Churchill down to the plain man in the street.

Not one of us has ever dreamed of telling you that it is your *duty* to come in, but many of us share the view of some of your own leading citizens: we feel with them that you are taking grave risks by staying out.

Walter Lippmann, who used to be an isolationist, admits now that "America's great mistake . . . is the empty dream of security by 'passive defence'"—a strategy "based upon the same deadly error which has wrecked all the free nations of Europe and has placed Britain in mortal peril."

Many American writers, soldiers and statesmen have been saying much the same thing for months past. Your President is not in a position to speak so plainly, but do not forget that he has committed you to the destruction of Nazi tyranny no less definitely than Mr. Churchill has committed us.

AND WE BELIEVE THAT AN AMERICAN DECLARATION OF WAR UPON THE AXIS NOW WOULD DO MORE TO HASTEN VICTORY THAN MANY CARGOES OF MUNITIONS.

Make no mistake about it: the German masses still believe that Hitler is going to win the war. They are not allowed to know how much material you are sending to us, and they are constantly assured that more than half of it is sunk in transit.

But neither Goebbels nor Hitler himself could hide from them the terrific news that "the Yanks are coming" once more.

That would scare them more than any other news could possibly do at this juncture.

All Germans nearing middle age would remember how they were told last time that the United States didn't matter, and would never intervene.

AND THEY WOULD ALSO REMEMBER THE FEAR THAT CLUTCHED AT THEIR HEARTS WHEN YOU *DID* DECLARE WAR, AND THE STEADY, INEXORABLE TURN OF THE TIDE AFTER THAT DECLARATION.

We understand why so many of your people, and particularly your womenfolk, hate the idea of "a shooting war."

But has it occurred to you that your boys might have to do *less* shooting by coming in now than by waiting for the inevitable and fatal incident that will spread the flames of war into the New World?

Listen: The best way and the cheapest way to beat the Nazi is to get at their nerves.

The Russians know this. They are fighting like demons—but they pack their brains on ice. Their propaganda is the finest in the world. The leaflets that they drop behind the German lines are masterpieces of simple appeal to the "curable" majority of Hitler's dupes.

Their broadcasts in German are terrific. They attack the enemy's nerves all the time. They strike at German women, not with bombs, but devastating human logic.

And, more recently, by some triumphant technical device, they have been spiking the enemy's radio guns by interrupting the German official broadcasts with shattering comments of their own.

Frankly, aren't we in this struggle together? We have given you a ninety-nine years' lease of vital strategic bases and, if you ask why, we'll tell you.

WE have handed bits of our Empire over to you without haggling because we believe that we are partners defending the colossal business of democracy together.

If, on the same terms, you were to ask us to lease Singapore to you for the "duration," we should probably say "Yes," taking it for granted that you meant to defend the Far East against all comers—including the Japs whom you have even more cause to distrust than we ourselves.

But we do not really expect, or need, the help of American armies on this side of the Atlantic. But *your* occupation of Far Eastern bases—where there is no war—would release a mighty British force to fight elsewhere. We should be profoundly thankful to have your Navy fighting with us, and we should be proud to know that your grand flying men were actually flying some of the splendid "ships" that are now being ferried over to us across the Atlantic.

BUT WHAT WOULD REALLY HELP US—AND HELP YOU—MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE—IS TO HAVE YOU OFFICIALLY, OPENLY, DEFINITELY AND DEFIANTLY ON OUR SIDE AGAINST THE NAZIS.

We've *got* to get at their nerves. Won't you help us to do that? You have done so much to encourage us already. Can't you make up your minds now to help us finish the job, and finish it quickly?

The man whose name re-christened treachery

All the Quislings are Trembling Now

Shots fired at Laval and his cringing confederates carry a warning to traitors everywhere

By VICTOR SCHIFF

THE margin which separates France, or rather the men of Vichy, from open intervention on the side of the Axis is getting thinner every week.

Soon we may be at war with the Government which falsely claims to speak in the name of the French people.

It causes almost physical pain to think of such a situation.

Yet there should be no reason to worry unduly. In fact, it can be looked on as a most helpful sign.

By saying this I am not indulging in easy optimism nor the cheap pleasure of putting up a paradoxical theory.

I contend that the men in Vichy have decided to throw in their lot with the Nazis, not because they now believe in Hitler's final victory more firmly than a few months ago, but for exactly the opposite reason: because of their growing fear of his defeat.

Since the beginning of the German campaign against Russia, the quislings in all Nazi-subjugated countries feel that the tide is turning against Nazism and Fascism. They tremble for their lives as they have never trembled before.

The "ordinary" people in Holland, Norway, France, Belgium, Poland, Jugoslavia, Greece and Czecho-Slovakia, these millions of decent, proud and faithful men and women, realise, too, that Hitler made the greatest mistake of his life when he embarked on that Russian venture.

They all hope and rejoice. They impatiently wait for the moment when they will not only get rid of the invaders, but also settle accounts with the traitors at home.

They feel so cheerful at the prospect of their coming liberation that there is even a dangerous tendency to strike too soon at their Nazi torturers and their local accomplices.

It is for this reason that, night after night, the Free French spokesmen of the B.B.C. pathetically beseech their fellow-countrymen to master their natural impatience, and warn them against premature actions which would only play into the hands of the enemy.

The French traitors also know that on the day of Hitler's defeat the French nation will settle accounts with them—quickly and thoroughly.

For their own sake the Darlans, de Brinons, Lavals, Doriots and Déats are prepared to do everything which might help the Nazis to win the war. For them it is too late now to disentangle themselves from Hitler's mortal embrace, even if they wanted to.

They are branded, and henceforth nothing but Hitler's victory could save their wretched lives. They are bound to obey all his orders.

The worse the situation turns against the Axis, the more crazy and wicked the French and all other quislings will behave, according to the peculiar logic of treachery.

Gen. Sir ARCHIBALD WAVELL, Still Fighting Strong

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—Up to your old tricks, I see.

A year ago armchair critics peevishly asked if you were asleep, and when you'd wake up to the Italian menace to Egypt.

You were silent but not asleep. Quietly you went on planning and preparing.

Suddenly you moved—and within a few weeks had swept the bulk of the Italian Army off the map.

This year the easy-chair soldiers said you were in "disgrace" when you left the Middle East for the Indian command.

Still you were silent. But you started to plan and prepare again.

And now you've thwarted the Nazis in Iran as quickly as you put the Italians to flight.

To do so you used airborne troops for the first time, I think. That is as it should be.

For you were the first of our generals to study and admire Russian military methods. You praised their tank and parachute innovations when some of our wooden soldiers at the War Office pooh-poohed them.

Now you have the opportunity not only to adopt them but to fight as an ally with the great military Power that devised them.

I have no doubt of the result. And I wish you a speedy decision in other and bigger fields of the war—knowing that, though you prefer peace, you will necessarily play a great part in defeating our enemies

Good luck—and thanks!—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

MILITARY SECRETARY, War Office

DEAR GENERAL,—Recently I told of a boy who couldn't become an R.A.F. apprentice because he was coloured. Well, I've managed to get that colour bar removed.

What has this to do with you? Just this:

That boy's father is in the Army. He is a university graduate, a fine type of man and a good soldier.

His officers recommended him for a commission. He was turned down. They recommended him again. The selection board gave him just three minutes and then threw him out.

Yet a man who was not recommended is now in an officers' training unit, perhaps because he was a dance band leader and well-known broadcaster.

So I ask you: Is there a colour bar in the Army? Do you wonder the man in question is depressed and perplexed?

If I were you, I would accept the emphatic testimonials of his commanders and give him a commission.

He might not be suitable for a county regiment. But he happens to be in a technical regiment.

We are very glad to have coloured troops and Indian officers fighting for us in the Middle East.

And Mr Churchill has stated that we are fighting for equality of opportunity for all the races.

Think it over.—JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY, East Kent Women's Land Army

MADAM,—A strong and wiry woman of thirty-one answered the appeal for land workers.

But you say that as she is over thirty you don't think she could do hard work, so you advise her to go back to domestic service.

Is all the propaganda about the need for women war workers just bunkum?—JOHN BULL.

Major LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—You still insist that it is "not necessary" for sufferers from wasting diseases to have extra rations.

I cannot imagine on what grounds you base your refusal, and I understand it will not apply to the most necessary of all foods—milk.

But do not draw up the milk regulations too stringently. Allow doctors to use their discretion not only for adults but for growing children.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE GIBSON, President, T.U.C.

DEAR MR. GIBSON,—I agree. Too much emphasis has been accorded to absenteeism in industry—and too little on its causes.

Its chief cause is bad organisation. That must be remedied.

And now, without waiting upon events, we should prepare the organisation by which your vision can be made a reality—the development of Britain so that its riches shall be available to all and not the favoured few.

The people are determined on this peaceful revolution. We must be ready to carry it out directly peace is assured.—JOHN BULL.

HOSPITAL COMMITTEE, London County Council

GENTLEMEN,—Near my offices is a warehouse stacked with oranges. None can be sold until one of your officials arrives to take his pick for the hospitals.

He's a week overdue already.

I know now why food has to be left to rot.—JOHN BULL.

REGIMENTAL PAYMASTER, Infantry Pay Office, Ilfracombe

SIR,—Typical of the appalling muddles in Army pay is a letter you wrote to a soldier's wife, telling her she had been paid 6d. a day too much, and asking for the return of £10 17s. 6d.

How on earth do you expect a poor woman to be able to repay such a sum? How is it possible for over-payment to be made for nearly a year before the error is discovered?—JOHN BULL

Sir ALAN ANDERSON, Railway Controller

DEAR SIR ALAN,—Aircraft workers get up at 5.30 to catch a 'bus that takes them part of their way. They wait half an hour for a second 'bus to a station for a train that takes them to their factory by 7 o'clock, though they do not start work till 7.30.

How does this affect you?

In this way: A workman's train leaves their home station a quarter of an hour too late for them. And anyhow it doesn't stop at the station near the aircraft factory.

So they have to waste two hours in the morning and two at night. It cannot be good for either their efficiency or their health.

And it is typical of many, many hardships caused by bad rail services. It's your job to remedy them!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—To learn by experience is always a costly business, and particularly so when the nation's food is concerned.

Many farmers, officially ordered to spend £100 or so in chemical fertilisers, have found that the chemicals have spoiled their crops and stimulated the growth of weeds, as Lord Bledisloe and other farmers have pointed out.

Next season, no doubt, you will see that more attention is paid to natural methods.—JOHN BULL.

The SHERIFF, Oban

SIR,—You might surely have shown sympathy and understanding to the ship's fireman who found his child choking with diphtheria.

He dashed out with the baby on a cycle to find a doctor; you fined him £1 for carrying a passenger and failing to observe a "Halt" sign.

I should have dismissed the case.—JOHN BULL.

PRISON COMMISSIONERS, Whitehall

GENTLEMEN,—Disgraceful treatment has been meted out to Officer Wm. Bourne, a man of fifty-two, who gave you twenty years' unblemished service.

He was struck down by a heavy head blow from an iron bar. Struggling to his feet, he managed to lock up several of the prisoners.

Discharged as no longer fit for duty, Bourne may suffer from permanent eye trouble. Yet he has been denied full pension because he wasn't so gentle with his assailant as he might have been!

His case, I suggest, merits second thoughts.—JOHN BULL.

Red Tape Ally Awakes!

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pollas

WHITEHALL is stirring. There are revolutionary ideas abroad. The Army is to give recruits a "brains test."

There are many obvious "come-backs" to that. The cynical will argue that charity begins at home and that the nabobs of Whitehall should be the first subjects of the test.

I know something of these tests. A friend of mine who applied for an administrative post in the Air Force was quizzed for nearly an hour by an examining board.

What seas linked the Panama Canal? Where was Tierra del Fuego and who owned it? What river was Lisbon on? What was the capital of Turkey? Who was C.-in-C. the Far East? How many States were there in Australia?

And so the farcical ritual went on.

My friend was not granted the post he applied for. He wrote the Air Ministry and asked why. The reply was that the Ministry was unable to give reasons.

★ ★ ★

The thought of the Army brass hats applying intelligence to the task of drafting recruits into that arm of the Service for which they are best fitted, takes away my breath.

The wind of common sense blows through the languid corridors of Whitehall. I know those corridors—the correctness of them, the leisurely poise of the people who stroll along them.

Even the faintest suggestion of assessing men at their brains value would seem to desecrate the traditions of the refuge of caste and privilege.

And just in case some red-hatted big shot reads this, let me tell him of another friend of mine.

He was twenty. For four years he had been a leading member of the O.T.C. at a public school. He joined the Home Guard a year ago.

He was as keen as mustard. He was the platoon's best scout. His bomb-throwing was uncanny. He had brains—and used them. ★ ★ ★

He studied tanks, and the art of anti-tank warfare. When he was called up he was asked what branch of the service he preferred.

Royal Armoured Corps, he said. And in his mind was a vision of commanding a rolling world of his own—a tank spitting fire and death against Nazi panzer divisions.

Disenchantment! This boy was ordered to report to the depot of a regiment of infantry. His disappointment was so deep that he was almost in tears when he told me how his hopes had crashed.

There are many similar cases on record. The "Brains Trust," such as it is, can, and should, remedy this state of affairs.

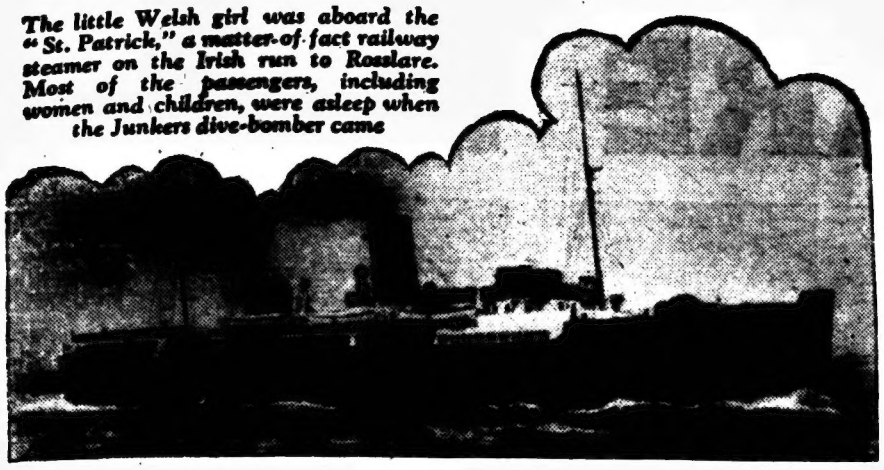
In all parts of Britain to-day men of brains and intelligence are slogging along in units, where their talents are wasted; their value to the country is discounted.

Without brains all our war effort is useless. Now, it seems, the War Office is realising that brain power does count.

"Give us the tools and we shall win," said Mr. Churchill in his historic broadcast to the world, and, in particular, to U.S.A.

All the tools in the world, without brilliant direction, will not bring us victory.

Whitehall should ponder that brains, as well as tanks and planes, are the vital sinews of war.



The little Welsh girl was aboard the "St. Patrick," a matter-of-fact railway steamer on the Irish run to Rosslare. Most of the passengers, including women and children, were asleep when the Junkers dive-bomber came

May Owen Sees it Through

★ Like nails in Hitler's coffin, superb acts of heroism by men of the Mercantile Marine are shaping a saga that will never perish in Britain's history. There'll be women in it, too

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

FISHGUARD BAY is deep and well sheltered, with a fine breakwater and railway pier. I know it well.

Across the Bay, a mile distant to the south-west, is the hamlet of Goodwick. Goodwick knows all about dictators and their plans for our future. As long ago as 1797, three enemy men-of-war appeared off the coast, and put 1,400 French soldiers ashore, to "invade Wales."

The Goodwick people, led by an old lady with a carving-knife in her hand, went to meet them.

She took several soldiers prisoner, and drove them, like stray cattle, back to Goodwick, at the point of her knife.

The Welsh who followed her dealt so with the rest of the 1,400 that they surrendered, terrified, without striking a blow. The local militia took them in charge; the French warships sailed away as fast as they could; and that particular invasion was over.

It is of a Goodwick girl that I want to tell you to-day.

She had no carving-knife; she was just a young stewardess aboard a matter-of-fact railway steamer on the Irish Sea run to Rosslare, but she has the same spirit as her fearless ancestress—the spirit against which invasion efforts and all the terrorising and murder that go with them will shatter like glass against Welsh stone.

May Owen was aboard the little *St. Patrick* on a certain unlucky Friday morning. It was in the small hours when dawn was breaking over a rough sea, through which the tiny ship was battling her sturdy way.

A Very Little Ship

Of the eighty-nine people aboard, nearly all were asleep in their bunks. Forty-four of them were passengers, including women and children. There were neutral Irishmen travelling quietly on the ship.

But these things do not matter to Hitler's *Luftwaffe* killers.

It was a twin-engined Junkers dive-bomber, one of the Stukas of which the Nazi killers are so proud, that came sliding out of a cloudbank and spotted the little passenger-ship smoking along below.

A very little ship—but then the *Luftwaffe* is not proud!

There was no time to lower away even the single boat that was not smashed by the explosion. For every one of the crew left alive was swiftly, quietly and with orderly precision getting the women and children on deck, seeing that everyone had a life-jacket, soothing terror, and hurling overboard rafts and unsinkable debris and lifebelts and anything at all to which swimmers might cling.

Calm and Smiling

Down below, among the women and the terrified children, a bright-faced Welsh girl moved. Her sing-song accent quieted the youngsters; her smile and her calm brought agitated women back to a sense of their own duties.

She could have run up on deck at the first explosion, and no one would have blamed her. After all, the rule of the sea is always—"Women and children first!"

It even seems that that is the rule of Hitler's pirates—"Strike down women and children first!"

But older still than that is the rule that the crew always stands by and sees things through till the last passenger is safely away. And so May Owen, of Goodwick, stayed below, hurrying the others out into safety, careful even to see that her charges were warmly wrapped over their sleeping attire.

She knew that the ship could not live much longer.

But she meant to see the business through, just like that old lady of a century and a half ago, who picked up her carving-knife and led Goodwick to meet an earlier invasion.

Not until the very last of her charges from the women's saloon had gone on deck would young May Owen go up herself.

At the end, when apparently everyone had gone, she made a last thorough search in the smoke-filled saloon, with sea water already up to her knees, sloping about its floor, and the ship settling under her feet.

Lying silent as a hurt bull terrier pup, she found another girl—Dora O'Donoghue—who had come over from southern Ireland to work as a nurse, giving all she could to England in our hour of need.

"Away with ye!" the Irish girl gritted through her teeth. "They've done for me, anyhow, darlint. Don't waste your own chances, now—go up on deck!"

"I should not be thinking of that until I have seen my passengers there, look you!" the Welsh girl answered primly. And she gathered up Dora O'Donoghue in her strong arms and carried her out on deck and to the side of the ship, lowering her down to a raft that was just pushing off.

That injured Irish nurse, who had kept quiet so as to give the young stewardess an extra chance of saving herself, is alive and well to-day because Goodwick village can still produce the old breed.

There are a hundred tales of heroism that ought to be told about the sinking of the *St. Patrick*.

Heroic Deeds

As the proud and satisfied bomber sailed away looking for something else—a fishing smack or a rowboat, perhaps—on which to exhibit the blood-and-iron of a Blitzkrieg, things were done aboard the settling wreck that make any seaman proud.

One seaman unaided flung two heavy rafts into the water. Then he dived overboard fully clad, and rescued a woman and her nine-year-old daughter who were drowning together.

A passenger went thrice off a raft and brought back two women and a child who would otherwise certainly have drowned in the huge, piling seas.

A seaman with a broken arm swam to a woman, caught her in his other hand, and propelled them both, using his feet, to a raft.

Aboard several men went down with the ship because they deliberately chose to stay there till she sank, so that they might hurl clear, for the use of swimmers, a few more baulks of smashed timber that certainly saved the lives of many who were later found clinging to them.

Father and Son

The Skipper and Mate and a senior stewardess all went down at their posts.

The Captain's son, Lieutenant Jack Faraday, of the Royal Artillery, who was on sick leave from the Army, was aboard. Ill as he was, he dived overside to save a little girl who was hopelessly screaming and choking in the water. He got her, swam with her nearly to a raft, and collapsed.

He went down and disappeared, but the child was pulled on to the raft. He gave his life for hers. Captain Faraday and his son would have been able to greet each other proudly in the Port of Lost Ships.

Little May Owen stayed aboard till the ship began to turn over. Then, with every one of her charges off the vessel, she dived overside.

Somehow, she escaped the sickening whirlpool of wreckage that boiled gulping over the place where the *St. Patrick* vanished.

She swam for a crowded raft, and you would have thought she had earned her place on it. But, when she was within a few feet of it, she turned aside. It was already weighted with survivors; she, May Owen, chose to find something else to keep her afloat.

As she washed along in the big waves she saw a woman swimmer at the point of exhaustion. Fearlessly, she turned that way.

"You must turn on your back and float, now, or I shall not be able to help you, my dear," she called out.

The swimmer turned over, and May got a hand under her.

"Now we shall be quite all right until we are picked up," she said reassuringly.

Fearless Endurance

The water was cold and boisterous, and only a fine swimmer could have kept afloat in it with an extra burden. But the Welsh, once they take hold, do not let go.

It was *more than two hours later* that a British warship, combing the scene of the disaster for last survivors, saw the two heads bobbing in the waves. A boat was lowered away, and they were picked up, the rescued woman unconscious, but May Owen as fearless as ever, though she was sogged and exhausted and terribly cold.

Every one of the women and children passengers of the *St. Patrick* was eventually picked up. That epitomises the story and the motto of the British seamen involved — DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

I wonder who has the right to feel proud about that sinking . . . the *Luftwaffe* or the Mercantile Marine?

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HUMAN MACHINE

If You Had 20 Minutes to Live

● **That famous old preacher, Ignatius of Loyola, was once playing a game of ball with his fellow-students when someone asked suddenly what each of them would do if he knew he had to die in twenty minutes.**

All except Ignatius agreed that they would rush frantically to church and pray. "I should finish my game," said Ignatius calmly.

That spirit is the secret of all achievement. It is the one answer to all the moans of "What's the use?"

That golden word "Perseverance," in fact.

And what exactly is "perseverance"? Without any trimmings, without any attempt at fancy phrases, it is simply this—to stick to whatever job we are doing, no matter how small, how trivial or how apparently insignificant that job may be, *and to go on sticking to it until we finish it. That's perseverance, just that and nothing else.*

Whatever we are doing, we are always faced with a choice, a choice that is sometimes a positive dilemma. We can either retreat while, as we think, there is yet time, or we can sweat away with no certainty that what we are doing will achieve any useful result.

To any except those whose spines are made of jelly there is not really much choice. Self-respect would make most of us carry on. Besides, you never can tell.

"The line between failure and success," once wrote a famous American, "is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it; so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success!"

In the long run it's our mental attitude that counts. There's a world of difference between saying a job's half-done and saying that it's "only" half-done!

NIGHTMARE FOR H

Winter looms ahead. The third winter of the war. What are the omens? For the man who will go down in history as the blackest devil who ever lived it will mark the turning of a dream into a nightmare

By A. G. GARDINER

WHEN, before the last war he fought, Suvarov was asked for his plan of campaign, he replied: "I begin by crossing the Adda and end where God wills."

That saying, the result of a life on the battlefields of Europe, is as apposite to-day as it was in 1799.

All war is a gamble with incalculable factors. "First, I act and then I see," was the maxim of Napoleon. But when he crossed the Niemen in 1812 he did not "see" that Moscow would dig his grave.

And it is very certain that when Hitler launched his thunderbolt against Russia in June he did not "see" better than Napoleon saw before him.

This does not imply that his gamble has failed in the measure that Napoleon's failed. Time alone will show that.

But it does mean that the calculations and certainties on which he based the adventure have gone by the board.

It does mean that his *tour de force* has turned to a slow, grinding tug-of-war.

AND THE APPROACH OF THE THIRD WINTER FINDS HIM FARTHER FROM THAT SWIFT AND FINAL DECISION WHICH HE HAS PROMISED HIS PEOPLE THAN HE WAS A YEAR AGO.

Why did he do it?

This question worries the German people even more than it perplexes us, and "Truthful Joe" has been turned on to explain.

In a speech the other day, Goebbels said that the conquest of Russia was the necessary preliminary to the conquest of Britain.

After Moscow, London. The direct attack on Britain had failed last summer. The indirect attack by way of the Suez had failed with the collapse of Italy and the stalemate in Libya.

A lightning victory over Russia would redeem the pledge. It would pave the way to the crowning triumph. It would do many things.

It would stagger the world by its revelation of the invincible might of German arms. It would bring all the waverers to Hitler's standard. It would secure his rear and release all his resources for the final assault on Britain.

Germany would be thrilled and we should be reduced to despair. The blockade would be broken. The riches of Russia would be plundered. The nightmare of oil shortage would be lifted.

The harvest of the Ukraine would banish famine. The path to India and the Suez would be blazed by way of the Caucasus and Asia Minor.

Master of Europe from the Channel to the Urals, Hitler could launch his "peace" at the point of the sword.

And, failing peace, he could mobilise the whole productive power of Europe for the attack with which he would engulf these islands.

All this, it was calculated, might be done in the summer and autumn, and total victory snatched before the dreaded third winter.

Fearless guerillas, like these Cossacks, have played a tremendous part in shattering the clockwork walk-over Hitler expected when he launched his attack on Russia

This was the dream. It sprang from the conviction that the German military machine would go through the Russian defence as a knife goes through butter.

Not only would the Russian Army collapse before the stroke. Russia herself would disintegrate. The country, he argued, was seething with discontents that only needed a match to light a universal flame.

Hitler would come as a deliverer. All might be over in three weeks—at most three months.

EVENTS HAVE TURNED OUT FAR OTHERWISE. IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO SAY THAT THE POWER AND THE PASSION OF THE RUSSIAN RESISTANCE HAS DELIGHTED THE WORLD AS MUCH AS IT HAS SURPRISED AND SHOCKED THE ENEMY.

The fanfares that greeted the "victories" announced in Berlin in the first week of the war have given place to a flood of excuses and explanations and to shame-faced hints from Berlin and Rome that the end may be far off.

A winter campaign is spoken of. A winter campaign, with all that that implies on the snow-clad plains of Russia.

IT is not merely the quality and organisation of the Russian Army that have been a revelation. No less unexpected and even more ominous is the spirit of the nation.

All political discontents have vanished before the passionate patriotism of a people fighting for their homes and their freedom against a ruthless and treacherous foe.

It would be foolish to belittle the measure of the German success. It has been great, as it was bound to be. And the issue is still in the balance.

But it would be no less mistaken to underrate the immensity of the Russian achievement or its bearing on the great drama of which the Battle of Russia is only a phase.

Whatever the outcome, that battle is a catastrophic blow to Hitler. It has shattered his plans. It has shattered his material. It has exhausted and largely destroyed his armies. It has thwarted his two imperious aims.

The first was a swift and spectacular victory, from which, with the corpse of Russia behind him, he could turn his engine in all its original might to crush the final enemy here and in the Mediterranean before the dreaded third winter fell over Germany. That programme is scratched.

AND his second aim has equally failed. This war, as I said in these columns long ago, will be won by the side that has the last barrel of oil. The lack of that commodity is the vulnerable heel of Achilles Hitler.

He went to Russia to get it. He did not want the scorched earth and the battered cities. He wanted the oil wells.

In his attempt to get them he has done two things. He has squandered enough of his reserves of oil to float a battleship.

And he has cut off the supplies of oil which he might still have had from Russia had he remained on a peace footing with her.

He has not got the oil wells. And it may be said with confidence that he will never get them for effective exploitation.

Nor is this all. There are other consequences of the Russian adventure equally far-reaching. It has given the Western democracies three priceless months in which to drive the nails in Hitler's coffin at home.

It is often suggested that we have not done all that we might do to back up Russia.

If this means that we ought to land an army and invade Europe somewhere, I ask you to look at the map, remember Norway, Greece and Crete, recall that Hitler captured thousands of French guns, which now defend the coastline of Europe, and then say where the risk is to be taken.

But if it means that we have failed to turn this great opportunity to account, it is assuredly untrue.

Night after night and day after day we are battering the source of Hitler's power. We are reducing the great industries and shipyards of Germany to ruins.

R HITLER

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SEPTEMBER 6, 1941

We are sinking his transports and tankers, and sending his oil dumps in flames to the skies.

We are fighting the Battle of the Atlantic. We are tightening the blockade. We are hammering every enemy port and aerodrome in the Mediterranean.

We have driven the Nazi conspirators out of Syria and Irak. We have joined hands with Russia in doing the same thing in Iran.

We have now, in the face of Germany, Italy and the Vichy traitors, built up a stronghold from the Persian Gulf to the Caucasus which blocks Hitler's path to the Suez and India.

And in doing so we have secured Russia's access to the Persian Gulf, which, should Leningrad fall, would be her only contact with Western seas.

AND, FINALLY, THE MORAL EFFECT OF RUSSIA'S GREAT FIGHT IS EQUALLY IMPORTANT. IT IS FANNING THE EMBERS OF REVOLT IN ALL THE OPPRESSED COUNTRIES OF EUROPE.

That revolt will be one of the chief instruments in Hitler's eventual overthrow. And it is keeping the jackals on the fence.

The Vichy traitors, the Japanese and the Spanish Falangists dare not go "all out" while Hitler is bogged in Russia.

Meanwhile the consolidation of the Big Four—Britain, the United States, Russia and China—proceeds apace; and the proclamation of the Atlantic Charter writes the V sign over the whole earth.

This is a Job for Scotland Yard

says MAURICE FAGENCE

QUITE 22,000 food cheats have been punished by British courts.

And another 8,000 people for putting their miserable pockets before the national interest in the matter of clothes rationing and other forms of control.

I congratulate the authorities on catching 30,000 sprats.

But I ask them: "When are you going to oblige us with a shark or two?"

While they are hustling minor delinquents through the courts in thousands, black market racketeering is rapidly growing worse.

We are making the same mistakes as the Chicago police once made when the gangs threatened all decent life.

The "Big Shots"

Day and night courts are kept packed with small fry—many, little would-be imitators of the real gangsters; others, just wretched dupes.

Not until the "G-men" had the courage to land Al. Capone himself, and a dozen other gangsters of Al. Capone's criminal stature, was the gang racket crushed.

Now make no mistake, racketeering is nearly as bad in this country as it was in the United States in the worst days.

And untouched by those 30,000 thoroughly well-deserved prosecutions are the real Al. Capones.

They are not little grocers "bestowing favours."

Nor are they contemptible wheedlers of double rations.

I'll tell you who they are.

There is a type of financial adventurer believing in the rule: "Much makes more." So they always have ample ready money, or the means of finding it quickly.

They know that the safest tip for getting rich quickly is to exploit necessities, particularly necessities that are scarce.

And so war, which turns countless commonplaces into necessities, and creates scarcities on an unbelievable scale, presents them with their golden chance.

First step of the Food Ministry on the outbreak of war was to requisition all stocks over a certain weight of foods necessary to the survival of Britain at war.

The same course was followed with some raw materials necessary to the national effort.

Competing all the time with the Government were these financial adventurers.

Scores of thousands of tons went into their warehouses.

You may remember how pretty well every other food capable of being kept for some time became scarce for a matter of months.

Everybody said it was due to housewives buying in stocks.

Cornered Stocks

But the stuff never reached the retailer, let alone the housewife.

It didn't reach the wholesalers!

I have before me wholesalers' lists for the early war months.

They prove that somewhere between the docks and the wholesalers these stocks were being short-circuited into the hands of the "cornerers."

Meanwhile, with smaller-scale exploitations they bought up torch-batteries, black-out material, and other things we couldn't do without.

So, with short-term cornering, they raised the capital to continue their long-term cornering.

For twelve months they have been unloading their hoards.

In that twelve months they have developed a hundred other methods of black market racketeering.

Still sticking to their trick of short-circuiting supplies, remember. For how else could molasses, quite recently brought to this country to be sold as cattle food at £4 17s. a ton, have reached shops as treacle at £50 a ton?

Buy Stolen Foods

There is no proof that these corners are behind the countless thefts of lorry loads of food.

But they are the buyers of the stolen foods. They provide black market outlets for it, without which there would be few such thefts.

They it is who have organised those farmers who, to get double price, supply meat, butter, eggs, cheese and other rationed commodities to the black market.

They handle the illicit sale of it.

They have persuaded nurserymen and growers to short-circuit the approved markets, so enabling hotels, restaurants and wealthy private buyers to acquire tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, etc., that belong by right to the housewife.

And then, having injured those markets, they send their agents to them as pirate buyers, bribing as they go.

They have even bought at Government auctions "blitzed" foods and materials.

And long before clothes rationing came about they had laid their plans for defeating any such legislation.

They had hoarded, as before.

They buy coupons. They barter them. They have even forged them. They gather like flies round some poor devil driven out of business, anxious to buy his stock without coupons.

They tried the "mannequin worn" trick. They found they could pawn a new article and then, without asking you for coupons, sell you the pawnticket.

Robbing Babies

We could fill a page with their tricks. When one dies another blossoms.

These are the Al. Capones.

The authorities have more than a suspicion as to who many of them are.

They have been cornering dried milk for babies lately—against the milk rationing that is coming. But not for babies!

Rats like this won't be smoked out by the scheme for licensing traders from some unspecified date.

And that applies only to food, anyway. These vermin feast on everything that people buy.

No. It is big crime we are dealing with, and it's a job for Scotland Yard to handle direct.

No more nonsense of: "Complain to the Food Office . . . or perhaps you'd better see the local inspector."

You don't catch gangsters that way. We are not catching gangsters that way.

And never will.

Those "Missing" Nazi Generals

Where is the Nazi Army? What a question! In Russia, of course, you'll say Yes—but how much of it?

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

IT'S no idle job to trace the path of Hitler's legions. It has enabled me frequently to guess his plans correctly.

It is useful to avoid surprises.

The Nazi armies fighting in Russia represent a large part of his available man-power. But it would be a grave mistake to assume that his whole Wehrmacht is bogged in the Russian plains. Quite a few of the Nazi Field-Marshals are "missing." They and their armies are not fighting in Russia.

★ ★ ★

There are, indeed, only four of eight German armies on the Russian front. They are commanded by Ritter von Leeb in the north, by Bock and Reichenau in the central sector, and by Rundstedt in the Ukraine.

These are crack armies. Their leaders are Hitler's most successful Field-Marshals.

Leeb had a big share in the Polish campaign; Bock and Reichenau have fought in France and Flanders; Rundstedt, though long on the retired list, has proved himself indispensable to Hitler.

But there are other Nazi generals whose rank is not lower than that of the four military leaders of the Russian campaign. Neither are their armies any smaller.

Leading absentee from the Russian front is List, the expert on mountain warfare, commander of the Nazi infantry divisions.

List has been reported to be in the Balkans, and was said to have been entrusted with the task of quelling the Jugoslavian guerillas. This is hardly the task for a Field-Marshal of List's standing.

I suspect that List is organising his army in the Balkans, and that we shall next hear of him when Hitler carries out a new aggression—against Turkey, for instance.

There have been rumours about Rommel's whereabouts. But Rommel does not command an army. He has only recently been appointed to the rank of a General.

Whether Rommel is still in Libya, or whether his tanks have been transferred to the Balkan mainland, he will act in collaboration with List.

But it is worth while remembering that a whole army is in readiness in this theatre of the vast war.

★ ★ ★

Another army commander of the rank of List—or Rundstedt or Reichenau for that matter—is not accounted for.

He is Blaskowitz, in whom Hitler places great confidence.

Blaskowitz has recently been reported as being in disgrace, or even under arrest. I should not trust this rumour. He and his army might pop up in the most unexpected place.

The mystery built up round Blaskowitz may be part of Hitler's nerve war, rumours may have been spread intentionally to disguise a new sinister Nazi plan.

There seems little doubt that Field-Marshal Witzleben with another of the Nazi crack armies is still in the West.

Witzleben conducted the blitz against Holland. He commanded the bulk of the invasion troops—the men whom he hoped to lead against Britain ever since he reached the Dutch coast.

Witzleben's immediate preoccupation is very likely exactly the opposite of what he—and Hitler—planned it to be. His troops are guarding the Nazi Continent, the shores which face Britain. They are guarding them—against the possibility of a British invasion!

★ ★ ★

There is still another Nazi army left. It is the one commanded by Kluge.

Kluge was mentioned as being on the Russian front at the outbreak of the German-Russian war. His name has not been heard of there for six weeks.

It is quite likely that his troops have suffered heavily in the first assault, that he is reorganising his army. But there are indications that he may have transferred his army to the West.

The times are over when Hitler could rattle countries with a rumour campaign which indicated that his armies are planning a move here, a move there. His fields of possible future activities are limited.

But it is necessary to guard them all. And we shall be doing it most effectively if we keep an eye on his Field-Marshals.

GIRL VICTIMS OF MUDDLE

THERE was a time when a few silly women discredited their sex by bestowing white feathers on men not in uniform—who were often enough men enjoying a few days' leave in mufti.

To-day I notice an equally stupid tendency to reverse the process.

Our young women are obviously slackers because the war industries and uniformed services cry out for them and there are thousands of women walking about who are obviously not in either war industry or the Services!

And so the cry of "Conscript 'em" goes up.

It would be as well to look at the facts.

For weeks our war industries have been hampered by a shortage of 100,000 women workers.

It is distinctly alarming. It is the more alarming because our needs, within a week or so, will not be for 100,000, but for 250,000.

In fact, the people responsible for the long-range planning of our war industries are visualising a day, and a not-far-distant one, which our requirements in woman-power will outnumber by a million the women already working for victory.

You might regard it as a case for the conscription of woman-power *if* this was a result of slacking on the part of women.

But the truth is very different.

Footling Reasons

Far more than 100,000 women (the present shortage) have actually applied for war work and been lost to the war effort for a variety of footling reasons that can be all summed up with the description: official muddle-headedness.

Far more than the 250,000 who will be necessary shortly would be available now, to-day, if the machinery for harnessing women to the war effort was not in a state of chaotic disrepair.

Making every allowance for those women who aren't going to let this war interfere with their personal comfort if they can help it, I should say that the million more women who will one day be needed will be there, without conscription, if this machinery is put into good order.

What has been happening?

When Mr. Bevin and other ministers first called on women for their help, they flooded the employment exchanges.

Perhaps 20 per cent. of them have been called.

The rest wait on wearily, unaware of the fact that they have become nothing more than cards in the exchange card-index files.

A huge personnel in young women clerks—young women clerks who themselves might have filled a big gap in our war industries—has been devoted to the job of turning willing women into card-index ciphers.

Not to be Rushed!

Because industry said the women weren't coming forward (and, really, how was it to know that they were coming forward, but were being conveniently lost), age-group registration was started.

Again eager young women came forward. Thousands of them offered themselves unstintingly, anxious to help on the same terms as their men-folk, who were given little choice as to where they should go or what they should do.

But no, regulations said that they were not to be rushed. They were to be interviewed. They were to be given time to think things over.

Discouragement

Some who wanted to jump into the reserve lines against Hitler were subjected to four, five, even more interviews. And in the process they have lost both their zest and their idea that this need was really urgent.

What has happened to the comparatively few who have been allowed to come forward to offer their help?

A few quick examples from our own files will help you to judge.

A Nottingham girl devoted two half-days off to going to the W.A.A.F.'s recruiting offices to join up—and both days found it empty.

The wife of a well-to-do Palmers Green reader applied for a G.P.O. switchboard repair job.

She received an illiterate postcard on which the word minimum (referring to minimum age) was spelt MINNOMUM.

Just as they were going to give her the job, somebody thought of measuring her. Shoes off, please. Ah, four feet eleven-and-one-eighth inches. Too short by a fraction of an inch. Sorry.

Beaten by a fraction of an inch in a department where you are not beaten by illiteracy.

Is the war effort to be endangered because we can't make rough one-inch high platforms for short women workers?

Men Were Reserved

In one town there was a call for young women weavers. They went willingly.

But the eagerness disappeared slightly when they heard that the young men weavers they were leaving behind at the machines were reserved.

These are a few crass instances. We could give you thousands not quite so crass, but all proving that whatever slackness exists is in the machinery, not the women.

We hear, too, of girls in exempted jobs who are being bullied into taking jobs of lesser national importance, while their idle sisters continue in leisure.

On the Shelf

Of girls who have gone back to exchanges to find their cards lost, themselves forgotten.

Of girls who have given up their jobs to help with the war—and even then have been put on the industrial shelf.

Of girls who, having been allotted to factories fifteen, twenty miles away, have been turned away scornfully as slackers for daring to suggest that they know an equally important job available a few miles nearer.

Two hundred women with home responsibilities, in most cases with children, volunteered to do an eight-hour shift at a particular factory.

"You'll do a twelve-hour shift or none," they were told.

There's no local labour available for the twelve-hour shift anyhow.

The mandarins would rather have the job not done at all rather than that two hundred eager war workers should be obliged!

There are those factories which report that 75 per cent. of their women war workers have chucked up the work.

The authorities might well make some inquiries as to their billeting, transport arrangements, and so on.

It is easy to blame the women. It was always easy to give white feathers.

The fault lies with official indecision, half-baked direction and lack of foresight—and with employment exchange brains made up more of red tape than of grey matter.

War industry lacks the women because women lack the chance. And the blame is Whitehall's.

Many thousands of girls are hard at work in munition factories and thousands more are eager to join them

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Don't Feather Their Nests!

SHOULD you be looking for stage or concert work, don't have any dealings with a person named Yves Renaud, who goes about the country advertising for pianists, violinists and singers.

He tells artistes that he has arranged a concert for a certain town and gets cash deposits, which, he says, will be returned from first bookings. Often the concerts are not held, and artistes not only lose their money but are put to all kinds of inconvenience without getting the promised work. He was recently in Worcester.

★ ★ ★

Complaints are still reaching me about those two most persistent "home work" pests named Leslie Spikesman, of Bellville Road, Streatham, London, and F. Youngson, of Newbald, York. Keep a little black-list at home and put these names at the top of it!

★ ★ ★

It's a waste of time, and money, too, to correspond with the Catholic Correspondence Circle, of Fairfield, Christchurch, Hants, which advertises "friendship introductions," and asks applicants for 10s. "introduction fee" and photograph. Put this name on your list.

★ ★ ★

A brand-new racket has begun. Clothing-coupon traffickers are haunting military depots to which recruits are being posted and, reminding them that they will have to surrender their ration books on enlistment, offer anything from 2s. 6d. to 10s. for them. "There is no check on how many you have used," they tell the enlisters.

They have a market for them at £1 a page or more.

★ ★ ★

Close the door to women who call with a tale that they are collecting clothing for stranded evacuees who have been "bombed out" of blitzed towns. One woman has been going about saying that she has thirty such people, many of whom are expectant mothers, on her list, but the clothes she cadges are promptly sold to second-hand shops and to small market dealers.

★ ★ ★

Don't pay high prices during the next few weeks for Christmas toys in the belief that they will be much dearer later in the year. A definite price ramp has been planned by certain grasping dealers, and reputable leaders in the trade are already taking steps to stamp it out.

★ ★ ★

Ignore any appeals you may receive for funds on behalf of "The Women and Children's Social Work and Evangelical Mission," headquarters of which purport to be in Edinburgh. It's the outcome of the scheming brain of John Spence, late of Rochdale Road, Manchester, who has been making dubious charity collections for about fifteen years.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. B. M. Gooding, Pibsburg, Langport, Somerset, receives this week's £1 1s. award. Information provided by her is of particular interest.

Address letters to me personally at 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

One Guinea a Week for Empty Room

I AM glad to see that the appeal I made some weeks ago to local authorities to take sterner steps in dealing with rent profiteers in "safe areas" has met with a considerable response.

Skipton, Harrogate, Manchester, Blackpool and Bath have all set up special committees to inquire into local cases in which extortionate rents have been charged; and I make a further request to many other towns to follow their example.

★ ★ ★

One of the worst centres, where numerous protests have been made, is in and around Hereford, where the population has grown by leaps and bounds.

The quest of newcomers looking for accommodation has revealed what appears to be a concerted policy on the part of people willing to let rooms and apartments at a minimum of a guinea a room without service of any kind.

Yet when billeting officers arrive with workers to be taken in, landladies get only five shillings a week.

★ ★ ★

Manchester's way of dealing with rent complaints is very effective, and should be followed by other housing committees. Out of 35 cases reported in Manchester in recent months, inquiries resulted in reductions in 22 instances, with overcharges refunded.

The root of the trouble arises from *furnished* accommodation, over which there is no control unless the rentals can be held to be excessive from a legal standpoint.

To all who believe they are being deliberately overcharged, I say: Go to the local housing committee and take this warning with you!

VOICE of the PEOPLE

I AM a constructional worker who has worked day and night for eighteen months building a new munition factory, often in atrocious weather.

We had no holidays, no breaks. The work couldn't stop for a minute because the country needed the munitions. There were no wages in lieu of holiday either.

Then, the job done, and the first groups of workpeople having filtered into the factory to start the first machines, they knocked off for a week for a holiday on full pay.

We were left with the feeling that there had been no urgency at all.—O. M., address withheld.

No Spotlights

It seems to me that an artiste has to go abroad in war time to earn the reputation of "doing something for Britain."

My blood fairly boils at some of the *official* tributes paid to these people.

When are we going to hear about artistes like Stanley Lupino, who races from a show to do his job as A.R.P. warden in one of the worst-bombed parts of London?

A friend of mine was offered a safe billet in America. He refused. His home has been partially wrecked, like those of many actors and actresses. And now he has just got his first acting job since December, 1939.

Artistes who stay in Britain get the danger and the short commons. The publicity and the glamour are for those who go away from it all "to popularise Britain" or do something equally unnecessary.—Joyce Dorling, 20, Nigel Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.15.

Seamen's New Deal

Lord Marchwood and the Earl of Cork are to advocate the immediate appointment of a Government commission to define the post-war status of the Merchant Service and to regulate the conditions of service.

All credit to both of them.

But why all the circumlocution? We know what status and what conditions these men have earned, without having a commission to find out for us.—G. A. McInnes, Balgair Street, Glasgow.

Sifting the Salt

After long research the National Physical Laboratory has found an easy way of converting sea water into fresh water.

It is first forced through a synthetic amber tube made of formalin and formic acid, which extracts metals and alkalis, and then through a synthetic resin tube of anilin and formalin, which extracts the acids.

It pours out as fresh water.

The apparatus is a relatively simple one. Surely it would help us to win the Battle of the Atlantic if we installed it in every ship's boat?—C. Webster, "Jeremy's Farm," Higham, near Nelson.

Radio Silence

Our Government should either provide us with the means of keeping our wireless sets serviceable or discontinue the use of the B.B.C. as a means of disseminating official advice.

H.T.-tension batteries are unobtainable in this city, and there seems little prospect of getting any. Therefore official broadcasts fall in thousands of cases on deaf ears.

Yet there is no rebate in regard to wireless licence for a set lacking motive power.—Arthur J. Brown, 119, Eign Road, Hereford.

Thousands of mains sets are out of use "for the duration" for lack of tiny parts worth a few coppers. And yet a well-informed public is essential to the winning of a war.

Snobbery

Why must we keep getting new names for things?

Bed-sitting-rooms in the munition areas are commanding more money described as "flatlets."

Undertakers are funeral directors, pawnshops are loan offices, and a dustman summoned recently described himself as a "public utilities employee."

Are we getting stuck up?—E. Airey, Newborough Avenue, Liverpool, 15.

He Earned It

Did the Home Guard who wrote to you complaining that his unit was behind with payments to the men join up with the intention of making something out of his country?

I think you will find that most H.G. sections are a little behind with the cash—which is merely a matter of 1s. 6d. for six and a half hours' guard.

But our lads don't trouble to draw it, anyhow. They prefer to be regarded as volunteers. We would say to that Home Guard who complains: "We hope we never get mixed up with your crowd. If you don't like the Home Guard, get out."—L/c. G. E. Friday, Seaforth Grove, Southend-on-Sea.

Some people can afford to refuse 1s. 6d., others can't. We don't agree that a Home Guard is "making out of his country" or ceases to be a volunteer when he puts his hand out for eighteen pence expenses.

V for Vandals

So much do I enjoy reading Hannen Swaffer that I am surprised at his praise of the "V" campaign.

Scrawling chalk marks on walls is cheap imitation of empty-headed young Fascists and not in any way likely to make nervous wrecks of the Germans.—M. Leworthy, Melbourne Grove, East Dulwich.

Anti-Nazis in Occupied countries show by leaving "V" signs everywhere that there is a latent force ready to overthrow the German bosses when the time comes. It is the only way they can do it. That's what Swaff. praises—not midnight excursions to disfigure the British countryside.

Polish for the General

At my anti-aircraft camp we were having very special training of a kind important if we are to beat the Hun bomber this autumn.

Then, suddenly, news came that a General was coming along to have a look at us.

Training no longer mattered.

Paint arrived in huge quantities. Huts were painted inside and out. Floors were scrubbed, dustbins and firebuckets rejuvenated.

A decontamination centre came into being. Stirrup-pumps had their hoses black-leaded.

Frenzied digging produced an allotment, although the planting season has passed. And great stacks of cigarettes appeared in the canteen.

I don't know what he thought of us as soldiers, but he couldn't have criticised us as chars.—Gunner, Somewhere in the Midlands.

Same old Army.

Dry Taverns

It seems to me very wrong that public-houses should close because of the shortage of beer.

It has been the argument of "the trade" that they exist primarily to give men companionship, and that the sale of beer is incidental.

I believe this to be the case. Public-houses are the male's gossiping-ground.

Turn them into clubs, with a small membership fee. Allocate fairly whatever beer there is to spare. But don't close them.

Talk is a safety-valve—particularly in war time.—J. Hanes, Stoneygate, Leicester.

Beyond the Law

Civilian motorists are being summoned for failing to immobilise their cars. And quite rightly.

Yet when a highly placed Army officer left his car outside a hotel in this town for twenty-four hours nothing could be done.

The car was unlocked. The ignition-key was in position. It was full of private Army maps and other literature, which a constable took to the police station for safe keeping.

Yet nothing could be done. It was an Army vehicle, and outside police jurisdiction.—W. J. Rundle, Hayman Road, Minehead.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

Have you had an interesting letter from a relative or friend in the Services lately? If you have and you think it merits publication why not send it to us for inclusion in this feature? It may bring you half-a-guinea.

If desired, names and addresses will not be disclosed. Letters may be of any length, to "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHAT HAS BECOME OF MUSSOLINI?

● Except that, in his own country, Mussolini still struts about and takes the salutes, he is virtually as much the mouthpiece of Hitler as are any of the high officials who administer conquered lands for the Nazis.

The Duce takes orders from the Fuehrer!

His "African Empire" has disappeared. Only a small part of his Army remains in Libya, and that is under German control.

His fleet is bottled up in harbour.

His boasted Air Force, which was to "blacken the skies," is almost impotent.

Certainly he is allowed to police Greece and Yugo-Slavia, and nominally boss Albania, but this only under Nazi control. That is all Hitler considers his soldiers fit for!

The masses of the Italian people are now so weary of the war that it is probable that, but for the Gestapo which spies in Italian towns, there would be a revolt against Mussolini and an end of the Italian war.

"Oh, mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low?"

DO GERMANS EVER LAUGH?

● As Goebbels has now gone to the length of "revealing" that "Roosevelt means to be world dictator," I am not unnaturally asked if any nation with a sense of humour could swallow such guff seriously.

Yet, even in the old Kaiser days, Germans had little sense of humour. Their general outlook was one of deadly seriousness. This made for grim efficiency, but stopped any mental alertness.

There are fewer humorous books in German than almost any other language. Germans delight in the most profound explanations of the most simple problems.

"Lavatory humour" was always their delight, but this, on the Continent, was not peculiar to Germany. It merely took an extreme form.

Under Nazidom, German "humour" seems to have become a devilish sadism, bursting with laughter at the sufferings imposed on others, screaming with merriment at Jewish tears. . . .

Germans who once possessed any other sense of fun have had it beaten out of them.

ARE MANY AMERICANS IN OUR FORCES?

● Roosevelt has announced that Americans can fight on our side if they choose, but that they must not be enlisted on United States soil, and they must not swear allegiance to the head of any foreign State.

How many Americans, then, have joined up? There is this time, as there was in the earlier days of the last war, no record.

Then, many young Americans crossed the border, which is easy, and joined the Canadian Army. That they are again doing.

There are no Americans in our Navy. Certainly the numbers in the Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F. is known, but not for publication. That will increase, and would do so even more if its magnificent work were revealed.

I once asked a Canadian private what part of Canada he came from. "Texas," he replied.

WHAT INDUSTRY IS DOING BEST?

● I should say the provincial theatre.

The play boom is one of the most amazing events of recent months. When the Blitz started, travelling shows were utterly disorganised.

Some arrived days late. Many could not travel at all.

Now that things have settled down, comedians who were normally earning £60 a week now get as much as £200.

When I pressed for an explanation, I was told that it was probably the fact that, while the workers were earning good wages, they had little to spend it on but amusement.

Tobacco was short. Beer was short. Clothes were rationed.

So the theatrical profession benefited.

WHY THIS AUSTRALIAN ROW?

● My readers must not over-estimate the extent of the political trouble in Australia.

Labour, which seems recalcitrant, is as much concerned over winning the war as is the Government.

There is nothing seriously in question at Canberra, nothing which impedes the war effort.

But Robert Menzies, the Prime Minister, had a bare majority of one, and this only because his own United Party and the Country Party merged.

Labour was the strongest individual group, only one seat weaker than the other two combined. If there were an election now, it would achieve power.

Menzies wanted to come to London as Prime Minister.

"No," said Labour, "you must stay here, because of the Near East crisis, unless you go in some other capacity."

Now Menzies has decided to resign in the hope of ensuring political peace

That's that. But *all* Australia wants to win the war.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

"Listen," said Mr. Pine, resting his elbow on the five-barred gate—"do I look like a German spy?" Willy inspected Mr. Pine closely, but gave no opinion

STRANGER IN THESE PARTS

By Will Scott

IF you had been sitting next to Wilfy on the five-barred gate at the end of High Street in Lesser Chipping, seeing what Wilfy saw, you might have thought that the tradesmen of Lesser Chipping were having the time of their lives.

You might have thought they were having a shopping boom. If only a one-man boom. The one man being Mr. Pine.

Mr. Pine went first into the newspaper shop, and then, after about five minutes there, into the shoe shop. From the shoe shop he went to the greengrocer's, and from the greengrocer's to the village stores. He took, in slow succession, the pie shop, the butcher's, the cycle repairer's and the hat shop.

He tried the "Red Cow" and the "White Lion," taking, however, more than five minutes over *that*, and then he passed from the Post Office and the Real Antiques to the wool shop at the end of the line.

Mr. Pine took on the whole lot, that morning in Lesser Chipping.

You might have been surprised, but Wilfy wasn't.

Wilfy, sitting there on the five-barred gate, made no stupid speculations about a one-man trade boom in the village. As Mr. Pine passed from shop to shop down the length of Lesser Chipping's little High Street, Wilfy only smiled.

Wilfy was a knowing lad.

Whereas *you*, not being in the know, and having yourself discarded the trade-boom idea, would have been merely puzzled.

Puzzled by the fact that the more shops Mr. Pine visited, the more annoyed Mr. Pine seemed to become. Why, he did not emerge in any very sweet temper even from the "Red Cow" and the "White Lion."

And when at last he came out of the wool shop he looked as if he wanted to smash things.

What (you might have asked) was Mr. Pine after? If not shopping, what?

He stood on the pavement outside the wool shop, took off his hat and wiped the inside with his handkerchief, mopped his brow, rammed his hat back on his head, and glared at Lesser Chipping as if he'd like to set the place on fire.

And at that moment he caught sight of Wilfy, sitting on the five-barred gate.

"Ah!" he seemed to say. He was too far away for anything he did say to be heard: but the way his eyebrows and his shoulders went up indicated that it was "Ah!" or something like it. The next moment his shoulders went down and his head sagged to one side, which seemed to mean, "Oh, what's the use?" But optimism in the end won the day, and, gripping his attaché-case firmly, Mr. Pine strode out and did not stop till he reached the five-barred gate.

MR. PINE stared at Wilfy.

Wilfy stared at Mr. Pine.

"Morning!" said Mr. Pine suddenly.

Wilfy nodded.

"I might have known!" barked Mr. Pine.

"Known what?" asked Wilfy.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Pine, astonished. "So you haven't lost the use of your tongue!"

"Ah," said Wilfy; which might have meant anything.

Mr. Pine tossed his attaché-case on the grass and eased his collar.

"If you're not crazy," he said, "you're the only one in the damn village!"

"Ah?" said Wilfy.

"Listen," said Mr. Pine, resting his elbow on the five-barred gate—"do I look like a German spy?"

Wilfy inspected Mr. Pine closely, but gave no opinion.

"*Or*," Mr. Pine continued, "a German who is *not* a spy—or an Austrian—or something that's come down on a parachute?"

"Ah," said Wilfy.

"My name is Pine," said Mr. Pine, "and I want to get to Pendle. Any particular crime in that? Is it likely to help the enemy or lengthen the war? Is it likely to hinder the national effort? My name is Pine and I want to get to Pendle. What's wrong with that?"

Wilfy shook his head.

"It is all very well," Mr. Pine went on, "removing the name-signs from the crossroads and the station, and even taking them off the pub walls—so that the "Red Cow" there is the "Red Cow" *Nowhere*—but that is only to fog the invader, surely? Do I look like an invader?"

"Ah," said Wilfy.

"I have business to do in Pendle," said Mr. Pine. "*Business*! I can't stop *here* fooling about all day asking my way to Pendle. I want to *get* there. But if I ask the damned idiots in this village *how* I get to Pendle they close up tighter than any oyster. Tell me—do I look like Rudolf Hess or something?"

"Ah," said Wilfy.

"I see," snorted Mr. Pine. "You're as big a damned idiot as the rest of 'em!"

At which Wilfy only smiled.

"You don't seem to realise," said Mr. Pine, "that if you don't tell me the way *out* of the village I shall have to stay *in* the village. It would serve you all damned well right if I became a charge on the rates!"

"Ah," said Wilfy.

"You're just a village of damned fools!!!" Mr Pine shouted.

But Wilfy only waited.

"I shall find out in the end," Mr. Pine declared. "So why not tell me now? I know most of it, anyway."

"Go on?" said Wilfy.

"*That* road," said Mr. Pine, pointing to the right, "is the road to Hambledbury, which is no good to me."

"Oh?" said Wilfy.

"And *that* road," said Mr. Pine, pointing to the left, "is the road to Cooch Cross."

"Oh?" said Wilfy.

"OH, yes!" insisted Mr. Pine. "That's the road to Cooch Cross and you needn't try to kid me it isn't. I've been here before, years ago. I'm not quite green."

"No?" said Wilfy.

"No!" said Mr. Pine.

"Well, then," said Wilfy.

"But," added Mr. Pine, "there's a road turns off to the left of the road to Cooch Cross, and *that* road branches. And there's my problem. One branch goes to Pendle and the other branch goes to Gamble Green. Do I turn left or right?"

Wilfy shook his head.

"Because," said Mr. Pine, "Pendle and Gamble Green are miles apart, and if I take the wrong turning I shan't reach Pendle before to-morrow morning, which is no good to me."

"Oh?" said Wilfy.

"So be a sport," Mr. Pine pleaded.

"Damn it! I'm no German! I can show you my Identity Card. I can show you letters I've had from responsible people. I'm all right. I'm just a business man trying to get to Pendle to do business. My name is Pine. What more can I say?"

"Ah," said Wilfy.

"Do you mean you think I am a German?" Mr. Pine asked.

"No telling," said Wilfy.

"No telling?" Mr. Pine gaped. "You're a damned fool!"

"Oh?" said Wilfy.

"You're a raving imbecile!" Mr. Pine snorted.

"Oh?" said Wilfy.

"Not just *you*—*all* of you!" Mr. Pine snarled. "I've seen some holes in my time, but this one wins the gold cup. You're just a village of damned fools!"

"Yes?" said Wilfy.

"Yes!!!" croaked Mr. Pine. "Just a village of damned fools! But I shall find out in the end. Don't think you can stop me from getting to Pendle. Nor ten villages like you. I'm going to Pendle—do you hear?"

"Good morning," said Wilfy.

"Bah!" Mr. Pine choked.

He took off his hat, wiped it, mopped his brow again and once more rammed his hat back. He snatched up his attaché-case from the grass.

"Look here," he said, "I'll give you one more chance. Come on, now. How do I get to Pendle?"

"Couldn't say," said Wilfy.

Mr. Pine, now purple in the face, shook his fist at Wilfy. Then he turned and shook his fist at the village of Lesser Chipping.

"Village of damned idiots!" he roared. "But don't talk if you don't want to. Oh, dear, no! Mum's the word on your coat-of-arms! But you can't fool me. I shall find out in the end."

"Good morning," said Wilfy.

Mr. Pine bared his teeth.

"Pleasant journey," said Wilfy.

"Go to hell!" said Mr. Pine.

And set off up the road.

WHERE the road curled he stopped and looked back. Wilfy was still sitting on the five-barred gate.

Wilfy raised a hand and waved cheerfully.

Mr. Pine shook his fist for the last time and disappeared round the bend.

"Happy little chap!" said Wilfy to himself.

He got down off the five-barred gate and slowly made his way into the High Street. The newspaper man was standing outside the newspaper shop.

"I told you you were a village of damned idiots," said Wilfy. "And so you are. I told you I'd find out in the end. And so I have. Cooch Cross is the road on the left there. And then I take the first on the right. I told you I'd find out. A village of damned idiots, that's all you are. Good morning."

And Wilfy turned on his heel and set out for Cooch Cross.

A READER WRITES: "Many thanks for your reply to my enquiry. Your Free Advice Service alone makes it worth while being a regular reader of JOHN BULL."

We receive many letters like this, and would reiterate our satisfaction at being able to serve our readers. If *you* want information on any matter, drop us a line. There is a fully qualified staff to deal with all your problems.

It is no trouble to us, so long as we can satisfy you. A recent reply to a reader comprised only two lines of typewriting, but it took one and a half hours of research to ascertain the information requested. But it is our pleasure to be helpful, and the service offered is *absolutely free*.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A stamped addressed envelope is all you need send with your enquiry.

Find the Middle Way

—says HUMANIST to a reader who asks why some people seem to be natural optimists and others pessimists.

IF we could change human nature as easily as a blonde can transform herself into a brunette, it would be easy to solve many of the problems sent to me.

A reader wants to know, for example, why some people seem to be born optimists and others pessimists. He writes:

I always expect the best to happen. I am often let down, but the experience does nothing to cure me.

Now my brother-in-law is the opposite. He revels in gloom. He won't believe good news till it has been proved beyond all doubt. He accuses me of wishful thinking.

If only I had a little of his scepticism and he had a little of my hopefulness! I admit I'm over-sanguine, but I can't help it. Why am I made this way? And what can I do to alter it?

There are several explanations why one person is inclined to be unduly hopeful or the reverse. Some people believe it is due to the functioning of the glands. Others still attribute the difference to the liver.

I suggest that the writer should listen to his brother-in-law's opinions and make a deduction for prejudice. This would act like a brake on his over-eagerness. It might be good for both of them to hear the two sides of every argument.

ANOTHER reader is worried about a very different subject:

In my office the "boss" was the sort of man who nursed petty dislikes and brooded over his grievances. This showed itself particularly when salaries were under review.

Now he is dead, and his successor is a man who behaves decently to all the staff and has their interests at heart.

After some of the unpleasantness we suffered under the first man it is honest and reasonable to admit that we are glad he is dead.

I am told, however, that my attitude is unchristian.

Ought we to be sorry that the old "boss" has gone? Is it unchristian to say what we really must feel?

Surely the same problem arises when we think about the international situation. If the Nazi leaders were killed, and the war finished more quickly, should we not be justified in rejoicing?

This letter reminded me of another which came several weeks ago. The writer wanted to know how it is possible to love our enemies.

She had asked a clergyman about the subject, and he told her that it was possible to love people whom you do not like!

This she flatly declined to believe, and I don't blame her.

Confucius taught his followers to love their friends and to be just to their enemies. This is difficult, but I think we might try to live up to it.

About the first question—the death of the unpleasant "boss"—it may not be Christian, but it is certainly very human to rejoice in his departure.

As for the idea of the sudden death of the Nazi gangsters, I believe that millions of good Christians would thank God with sincere enthusiasm.

NOW for a third problem, which comes from a young married woman:

My trouble is insomnia.

It makes me awfully depressed and worried. I try to count my blessings, but it makes no difference.

I have always been a nervous, highly strung type, but I have a great deal to be thankful for, including two thoroughly healthy children. I am only twenty-eight and ought to be perfectly content.

The cause of insomnia may be physical—chronic dyspepsia, for example.

It may be due to some conscious anxiety which preys on the mind incessantly. For this kind there are the popular remedies like reciting the multiplication tables, repeating poetry, and counting imaginary sheep.

But most frequently insomnia is due to some unconscious trouble—some repressed memory.

The best advice I can offer the writer—apart from consulting a psychiatrist—is not to care whether she sleeps or not.

Let her give her body a complete rest, relaxing in an easy position, and not "trying" to sleep.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

TEARS

THE things that bring tears to our eyes are the things that clutch at our soul, things which Everyday People do without shouting about their goal. Things that fill us with awe, with their deep-grained decency, great things which people do humbly, and not for the world to see.

THE things that bring tears to our eyes are the human things in Life's Task, the things folk do with no thought of self, and who never stop to ask how they will fare themselves, but just set to and do their bit. Why, in every street in England shines a Torch which some Hero has lit.

THE things that bring tears to our eyes are not the things you'd expect; they're not the Major Disasters when a City's great structures are wrecked; they're the black-smudged face of the man who looks like God's Own Clown, as he crawls through the debris to rescue folk when the whole thing's FALLING DOWN!

J. M.

Europe's Ghost Army: 2—By Robert Weston

WASHERWOMAN FOILS NAZI ATTACK

THERE is a Russian washerwoman, known locally as plain Martha, who first gave the German invaders a sample of what they could expect.

A *panzer* division crashed past one of the frontier posts on its way to the long road to Moscow. It was followed by grey hordes of infantry, who expected a quick victory, but when they reached the locality of the frontier post they received the surprise of their lives.

Machine-guns peppered the Nazis until the place was littered with dead and dying. So the Germans dug themselves in and prepared to take the fort by siege.

Inside the strong point were half a dozen guards—and one woman, the elderly Martha. She had taken shelter in the frontier post. Now, to her surprise, she found herself the centre of German attention.

For several hours she sat and watched the Russians taking toll of the invader. Then one of the officers turned to her and said: "Looks as if we shall have to go out and fight with the bayonet. We're nearly out of ammunition."

Martha's Grim Journey

Martha said nothing—but thought a great deal.

She had been trained in the use of a gun and bayonet. So, when it was dark, she picked up a bayonet, lay flat on her chest, and wriggled out on to the battlefield.

Just how she did it no one can ever make out, but Martha travelled right through the German lines, arriving at Soviet headquarters bruised, tired and dirty—and her bayonet, still clutched tightly in her hand, red with blood.

A relief body was sent out—and arrived just in time. The post was strengthened, the Germans forced to retreat—and Martha rewarded for her bravery.

While Martha was in the thick of the battle, her husband, Ivan, the blacksmith, was having adventure in plenty, too.

From trees, where he and many of his men had climbed when the Nazis swooped through his small frontier village he watched the Germans advance. Then, when darkness descended, they linked up with Comrade Vorona, of Yorotayevo village, most able of all guerilla leaders.

They had some narrow escapes. Once they came across a Nazi mounting guard over an ammunition dump, killed him, blew up the dump—and ran towards a near-by swamp.

The Nazis saw no attacker—but heard footsteps.

Lured into Swamp

Sweeping the countryside with searchlights, they spotted a man.

Tanks tore across the fields. Within a few minutes they stopped dead. They had been lured into a swamp—and their crews met the kind of death they would have wished the Russians.

The guerillas continued on their way.

And what a sight met their eyes when they arrived at the prearranged meeting place. Hundreds of men, old and young, and many women were waiting for their orders, the light of battle in their eyes, all anxious to avenge the loss of their homes

Plans were made to attack a German *panzer* force camped in a wood some distance away.

For five hours the guerillas lay in the bushes. Often Germans, on their way to the camp, passed within twenty yards of them!

When dusk was falling came the wail of a shepherd's horn—the order to attack.

Shadowy figures emerged from the woods and long grass.

The Germans were having their evening meal when the avalanche descended on them. Hand grenades fell among groups of men round rough wooden tables. Bullets ripped into the camp from all angles.

Joined Nazi Convoy

Then, when all was still, the guerillas advanced and found they had wiped out a large mechanised force. There were still four tanks fit for use, so, donning German uniforms, a number of the men volunteered to operate the tanks and link up with a Nazi *panzer* division.

Into the night they rumbled, four miles up the road, coming into contact with a large number of armoured cars. For some minutes, so as not to attract attention, they kept in convoy with them. Then, guns blazing, the Russian-manned tanks turned on the Nazis and soon disposed of them.

Armed with the most modern German automatic weapons, the rest of the guerilla army began driving the Germans from their new positions!

They succeeded, too, and, five days after their battle had started, Red Army Forces arrived on the scene to find the peasants still forcing back the enemy.

As *panzers* roared along the highway at another point they never expected fight from the Dvind people—until it was too late. Then they found themselves surrounded by hundreds of unseen attackers. Hand grenades and blazing bottles of petrol fell among them, and, in a few hours, hundreds of German tanks were either smashed or put out of action.

Not once did the Germans set eyes on their opponents. Not once did they see where they were operating from.

Shelled Empty Town

At night the guerillas "drifted" from their hiding-places and made their way back into Dvind. Hurriedly picking up their belongings, they rejoined their families who had taken refuge in another area.

Meanwhile the Germans, thinking that large Red Army Forces were occupying the town, shelled it for two days!

When they thought the "garrison" was wiped out, *panzer* troops were sent over the bridge into the town.

Hiding beneath the bridge were two men of Dvind, Josef and Igoe. When many tanks and men were crossing the bridge they slammed down a detonator and, with a terrific explosion, and in a sea of red flames, tanks, armoured cars and men were flung high into the air.

Josef and Igoe perished, too—but they had bargained for that.

In Czechoslovakia, the Ghost Army has to plan its campaign on lines which suits them best. They have no arms.

Train wrecks and sabotage are commonplace.

Last month 3,000 tons of steel from the Skoda works was tampered with—and was only discovered when it had been used in the construction of 7,000 German guns.

Hundreds of youthful Czechs are, by devious means, escaping from the prison that was once their home and joining up with the Allies.

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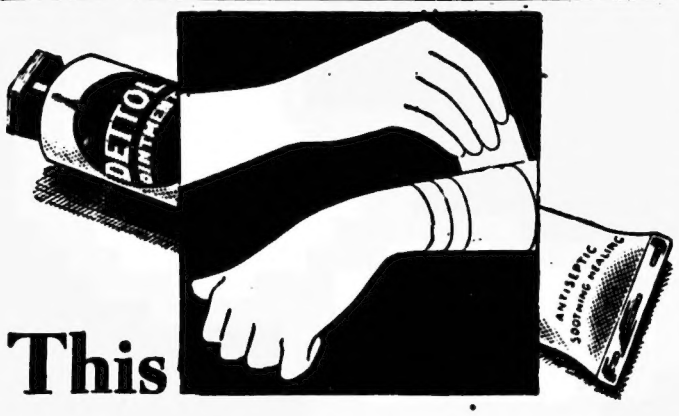

This ointment is active—

it kills germs....

In those skin disorders which are caused or aggravated by germ infection, a complete cure is impossible until the germs have been destroyed.

It is the remarkable property of Dettol Ointment that it is *actively* germicidal. It contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', which in our great hospitals today is the chosen weapon of modern medicine and surgery against the germs of septic infection.

When you use this ointment you will find that it promotes healing because it sinks deeply into the tissues, not only calming the irritation but actively killing the germs of septic infection. From the moment you apply it and whenever you renew it, it will go on working to keep you free from reinfection while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on.

DETTOL OINTMENT is recommended specially for the treatment of—
BOILS, CARBUNCLES, WHITLOWS, IMPETIGO, SYCOSIS (Barber's Rash), HERPES (Cold Sores), SEPTIC ECZEMA.
In cases of obstinate VARICOSE ULCER (Bad Leg), success has been remarkable.

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Gibbs DENTIFRICE

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LYBRO OVERALLS
The Battle-Dress of the Home Front

The ever growing number of workers being absorbed into the factories means an ever growing number of wearers of LYBRO OVERALLS. This has caused an almost overwhelming demand; is the reason why LYBRO OVERALLS are so scarce, and why your outfitter finds life so difficult. Don't blame him if he has to keep you waiting, but please help him by placing your order as soon as you can.

THE LAST LAUGH

S. W. (Slough).—"When I was in the restaurant for my midday meal and said that I wanted to speak to the manager, what do you think I was told?" That he had gone out to lunch?

F. R. (Hammersmith).—"I decided to get drunk, as I thought it might help me to compose a new drinking song." But we suppose you didn't get beyond the first few bars.

A. H. (Guildford).—"I told the florist I wanted to say it with flowers and he offered me a huge bunch of three dozen carnations." So you pointed out that you didn't want to say all that much?

D. S. (Mayfair).—"The whisky I serve to my guests is 20 years old. Need I add more?" We hope you will, in view of our appointment next Sunday

Miss H. (Freshwater).—"I discovered that the Government clerk with whom I was walking out was courting another girl at the same time." Well, they generally do things in duplicate in Government offices.

G. B. (Bedford).—"The word 'dispare' is not in my dictionary." No wonder you cannot spell it.

F. N. (Hull).—"When a man's wife uses up all his coupons for her own clothes, what can he do?" Without.

Housewife (Elstree). — "How would you feel after washing for six hours without a break?" Clean.

Mrs. L. (Taunton).—"I do not believe in putting all my eggs in one basket." In case they both get broken?

C. P. (Gillingham).—"Please let me know as shortly as possible what one needs for a garden party." Umbrellas.

Modiste (Kensington).—"After the war there will be a tendency to return to long hair and immense picture hats skewered on with large hat-pins." So much for promises of disarmament!

N. D. (Winchester).—"Would you like to buy the life story of a woman counter-clerk in the post office?" No, thanks; we heard one for nothing last week whilst waiting for some stamps.

S. C. (Colchester).—"When the modern actor says he welcomes criticism, does he speak the literal truth?" We doubt it. Probably it is just bravado, with eggs as scarce as they are.

N. K. (Maidstone).—"In the Army a fellow has to put up with being called up from his beauty sleep at all hours." So he has out of the Army—if he's married and a father.

R. N. (Stourbridge).—"Whenever she talks, she always seems to be laughing." At you?

Jack (Goole).—"I am anxious to know what she would do if I attempted to kiss her." If you were really anxious you'd know by now.

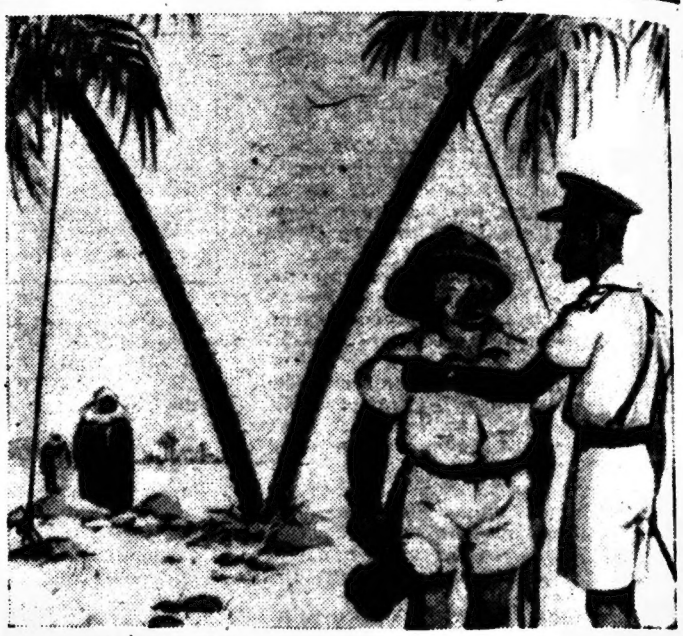
Benny (Lee). — "You always seem to employ good-looking girls. Where do you find them?" Usually in the rear office arranging their hair.

Y. T. (Thetford).—"If you look at the two photographs I sent, I think you will agree that the rose in my hat makes me look five years younger." Then why not put in two or three more?

Writer (Belfast).—"I have yet to find a paper that will accept anything of mine. Have you any helpful suggestion to make?" Yes, you might send us a cheque covering a year's subscription.

Jane (Wembley).—"In the film test I had to express tears, laughter and joy, but not anger." You can save that for when you hear the director's verdict.

Mrs. A. (West Bromwich).—"I have been very, very tired lately, so went along to consult my doctor." And, of course, he asked to see your tongue?



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I know all about this 'V' campaign, but we can't have this sort of thing going on in somebody else's desert!"

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side Slips."

Middlesbrough Evening Gazette:—"The original story is set in France during the Franco-Russian War of 1870."

South Wales Echo and Evening Express:—"... has been convicted by the Federal Jury of income-tax invasion."

Hertfordshire Mercury:—"Pancakes are associated with Shrove Tuesday, hot-cross eggs and simnel cakes are made especially for Easter Day."

GREATEST OF THESE

● The parents of these three bonny children are hampered by a debt of £30 for rent. Henry May was recently discharged from the Army as permanently unfit. Before joining up, this man had a business of his own which enabled him to keep his family in moderate comfort.

In the last few months the children have suffered from scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles and influenza. The mother is expecting another baby, and all these worries are making life almost unbearable for her.

Mr. May has now obtained work, but without a helping hand it will be a long while before he can clear his arrears of rent, as well as paying his doctor's bill and the expenses of his wife's forthcoming confinement.

Will you send what you can to assist this deserving family? Donations should be earmarked "May," or for our General Fund, and posted to the Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

CASH WINNERS

PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 WON IN "BULLETS" No. 1,286 and XWORD No. 238

£50 First Prize:—
Gnr. S. R. Weston, 903/78, H.A.A., R.A., c/o Lamilds P.O., Rosehall, Sutherland.
Example: WE DON'T WANT
Bullet: WORLD — ONLY CONTENTED WORLD.

£20: H. C. Davis, 11, Blackwater Street, Belfast.
Example: Hitler's Dream
Bullet: Spotlight Publishes—as Communiques!

£10: S. J. Walker, 33, Langton Dock, Liverpool.
Example: Hot Words Hush
Bullet: Dad—Russet As Dad.

£5: D. H. Miles, 55, Sandhurst Rd., Kingsbury, N.W.
We Don't Want—"New Order"—Or Oil!

£4: G. E. Svenden, Lower Kilcot, Nr. Weltons Edge, Gloucester.
Stupidity—"Stalling" Racehorse—Starving Hen.

£3: I. C. Strangeways, 39, Springfield Lane, Ashton, St. Helens, Lancs.
Bombs—Only "Unloading" Hamburg Knows.

£2: H. H. Thraves, The Cottage, Attenborough, Notts.
We Don't Want—That's Navy's Greatest "Victory."

20s.: Mrs. Jordan, 2, Conway Av., Smithills, Bolton.
Hitler's Dream—Unrealised. If We're "Tr e."

20s.: Mrs. L. Enderby, 66, Maidstone Rd., Perry Bar, Birmingham.
Following The Pushers—Everywhere, Eyes He's Closed.

20s.: Col. Sgt. (O.R.S.) J. Wood, "H.Q.," 8th Royal Scots, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Kept Behind—News, Makes Us "Laggards."

27s.: W. B. Courtney, 13, Norbury Court Rd., Norbury, S.W.
Following The Rest—"Shepherd"—Millions, To "Shambles"!

20s.: J. G. Roberts, 13, York Avenue, Oldham.
Not Enough—Slave—Grudge Must Waistle!

A list of 3 Winners of 25s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 238

WINNING WORDS—1. Gad. 2. Rags. 3. Ganger. 4. Tang. 5. Flan. 6. Tube. 7. Lurch. 8. Brand. 9. Find. 10. Quest. 11. Casting. 12. Check. 13. Beds. 14. Game or Same.

£100 SHARERS—
C. S. Brookes, 46, Made HIS Parade, Cheltenham.
H. Buckley, 150, Holborn Road, Eastleigh, Hants.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 12 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, WITH PRIZES VALUE OVER £325, AWAIT YOU ON OPPOSITE PAGE

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

Run a Street Savings Group

How many members are needed to start one?

You can start with just a few who are willing to help by saving regularly. Many successful large Groups have started with half a dozen members.

What have I to do?

You collect your members' savings every week and then issue National Savings Stamps in return for the money collected.

How about keeping accounts?

Only very simple accounts are necessary.

Are people really wanted to run Groups?

Yes—at once. The Country needs them to help the War effort.

Who can tell me how to form a Savings Group?

Get in touch with the Hon. Secretary of your Local Savings Committee. If you don't know the address enquire at your Post Office.

Join or Form A SAVINGS GROUP

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London

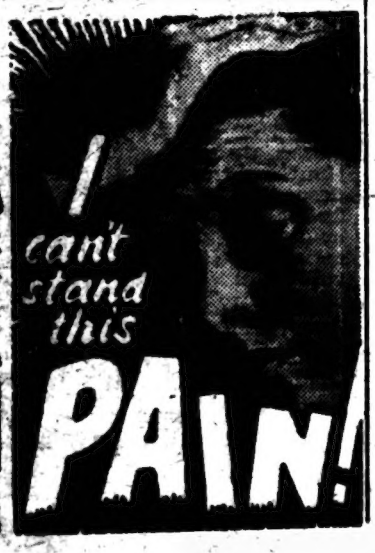
THERE'S NO NEED to suffer that pain. Relief is Yours NOW for ald.—thanks to Beechams Powders! A trifling price but tremendous relief! A clear head — freedom from pain—Agony changed to Energy. Beechams Powders are both QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results due to their special powder form. Marvellous for PAIN, RHEUMATISM, HAY FEVER, NEURALGIA, FATIGUE, Summer COLDS and CHILLS.

Get RELIEF QUICKLY FOR 2½

Also in Canisters of 6 Powders.

A Beecham Product

BEECHAM'S POWDERS



JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

FREE

26 GIFT VOUCHER

THE Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of the famous "John Bull" 5/9 lever-filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased with its graceful streamlined effect, delights the eye. The 14-ct. solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. A safety pocket clip is included. Or you may have a DE-LUXE MODEL UNBREAKABLE — fitted with a heavier 14-ct. solid gold nib and embellished with two 18-ct. R.G. bands 1/6 extra.

Write to (1) 2-Year Guarantee with this Pen

Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each pen.

Make Your Choice -NOW!

"JOHN BULL'S" PRESENTATION COUPON

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 12b, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please accept Gift Voucher value 2/6 in part payment for the pen I have chosen. I have entered through the pen I do not require.

(1) Please send me the 5/9 pen, I enclose P.O. 5/6 plus 3d. for post and packing. 5/9 in all. OR (2) Please send me the De-Luxe model. I enclose P.O. 6/9 plus 3d. for post and packing. 6/- in all.

PEN—MINIMUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE. Cross out nibs not required.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Cross Cheques or Postal Order 5/9 Or 6/- and make payable to "John Bull".

PRIZES £325 FOR YOU

£200 £50 £25 £10 £5 £3 £2

5 PRIZES 30/- 25/- 20/- 15/- 10/- 5/-

USE any of these "EXAMPLES" To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA TO RIGHT THE WRONG
WAR AIMS
THERE'S DANGER AHEAD, SO
SCORCHED EARTH
NO DOUBT
WE CAN'T STAND
GATHERING
CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY
FORMS
IT'S A BIG JOB, BUT
HE FORGOT
MRS. CHURCHILL
SUCCESS'S SAFE
LOYALTY
ON THE OTHER SIDE
EVENTUALLY
PITY THE HOUSEWIFE WHEN
BAD'S TOMATOES
THROB OF THE ENGINES

In "Example" below are for completion with any one additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO MAKE HITLER.....
WHY HE DIDN'T.....
DOING HIS.....
GIRL AT THE.....
NATION OF.....
IN THE NEXT.....

BULLETS 1,288 RESULT SEE page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Plain paper entry equally eligible. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value....., No.....

1,290 Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 15.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Rewards First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, but in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £50 between Runners-up. Not more than one Reward Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Reward in full, not penalty. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crave /6 Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Bullets are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated October 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£125 £100 RUNNERS-UP AWARDS WORTH £25

ONE WEEK ONLY!

For result of Xword No. 238, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 242

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in every Solution.

5P Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3P 5P 3P

If this is hard goat heavy heads will in this become depressed			T	O		L				
Large quantity of grain goes in						I	N			
These will usually strengthen a defensive position		R	O			K	S			
It's often a detective's job to look into one	C	L	U							
During black-out some people find it difficult to feel their way by means of this		T	O			C	H			
Old commercial traveller has seen many changes in customers'		L	I			E	S			
Actor's appearance is made more impressing by his being made this						I	G			1
Kind of challenge given by a suspicious Home Guard		T	E			S	E			
Sparks may fly if these meant more and more			F			R	E	S		
Many a pedestrian is indebted to motorist for this	L	I	F							
Some military experts didn't expect Vichy troops to fight as this			A			L	Y			
Young girl may look older after being this		B	O			B	E	D		
Lover of art is able to appreciate beauty of		B	O			E	R			
Aperture can be useful when this is drawn						I	R	E		

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 15.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

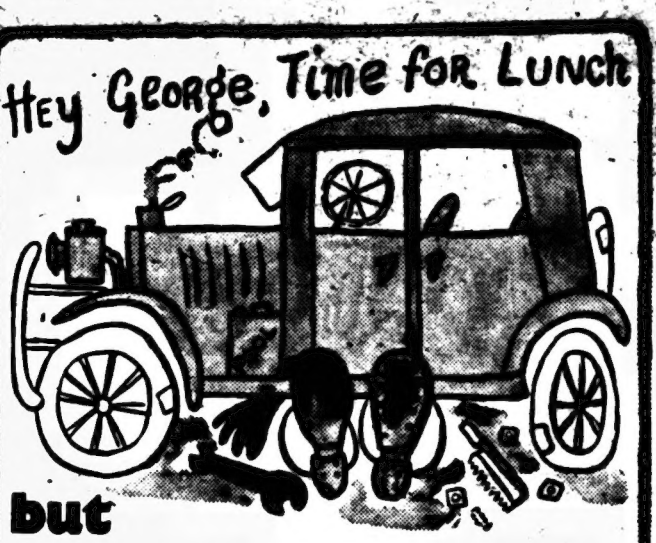
Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,290—or Xword No. 242, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)



but

'FAMILY HEALTH'

comes first!

You may be ready for lunch—but your hands aren't until you've washed them with Family Health Soap. The skin under your nails is a happy hunting ground for the germs in dirt, and that's why that before-meals scrubbing with Family Health is so essential. Its antiseptic lather minimises the danger of infection.

First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

REST *An injured person should never be disturbed unnecessarily. Keep the patient warm, and as quiet as possible.*

KH 74-96-65 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Why not be SLIM and Really Fit

You, too, can be a picture of perfect health and fitness—you can be rid of surplus fat and regain an attractive figure with the aid of Bile Beans.

By eliminating fat-forming food waste, toning up the system and purifying the blood, Bile Beans bring radiant health, a lovely figure and a clear complexion.

So if you want to get really fit and be admired for your slender lines—start taking Bile Beans to-night.

BILE BEANS

Make You Look And Feel Well

How to keep the Vitamins in the Vegetables

Green vegetables must be cooked as quickly as possible, for slow cooking destroys their valuable vitamins. So always shred them with a knife. Spinach doesn't need shredding as it cooks so quickly.

NEVER soak green vegetables for a long time. Over-long soaking wastes valuable mineral salts. Just wash the greens thoroughly. But tight-hearted cabbage may be left in salted water for not more than half an hour.

If the outside leaves are too tough to serve, save them for soup. *The dark green leaves have more food value than the centre leaves.*

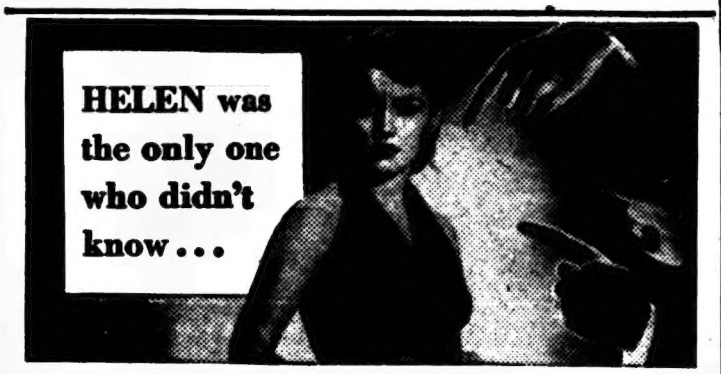
In cooking green vegetables use only just enough water to keep the pan from burning—usually a teacupful will do. Heat the water before you put in the shredded greens. Spinach needs no added water. Next sprinkle the greens with a very little salt. *Now put the lid on the pan*—because the greens are going to be "steam boiled," and if the steam escapes the pan may go dry.

Cook steadily for about 10 to 15 minutes, shaking the pan occasionally. Drain off any liquid from the pan and save it for soup. If you can spare a teaspoonful of margarine, add it to the greens and toss well before serving.

FOOD FACTS No. 56

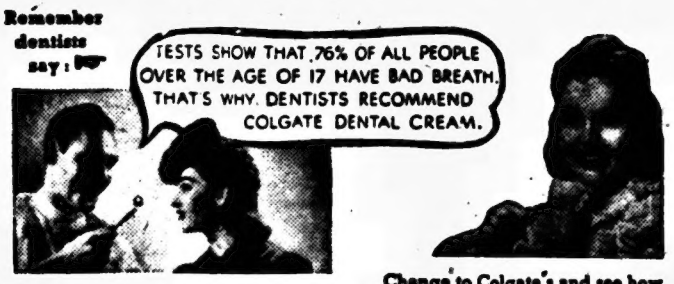
Remember to turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning for useful food tips from the radio Kitchen Front.

MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1



That's the humiliation of bad breath. Everybody else knows. But you never suspect you have it. Yet the odds are more than 3 to 1 that you may be guilty of this social sin.

Remember dentists say:



Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam which delves right into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clear away decaying food particles and stops those stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath.

Change to Colgate's and see how that penetrating foam makes your mouth feel clean and refreshed. Watch how your teeth grow brighter, more sparkling! You'll love its flavour, too. It's quite the nicest way to conquer bad breath.

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

3 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d.

Including Tax

Pain can't live with

PROPAX

Propax kills pain in a few minutes: then rids your system of the *cause*. Swift, safe, certain; the sure 'double-action' treatment for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds and nerve pains.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists.

1/5 & 2/6

SORE TOES

NATURE'S WARNING THAT

CORNS

ARE COMING

Corns are result of ignoring shoe friction and pressure. Apply Dr. Scholl Zino-Pads to those tender spots and you'll save hours of torture from new, tight shoes. Dr. Scholl Zino-Pads stop corn pain at once. Cushion. Protect. Medicated Disks included to soften corns so that you soon remove them easily. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. 3/3 plus.

Dr Scholl Zino-pads

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